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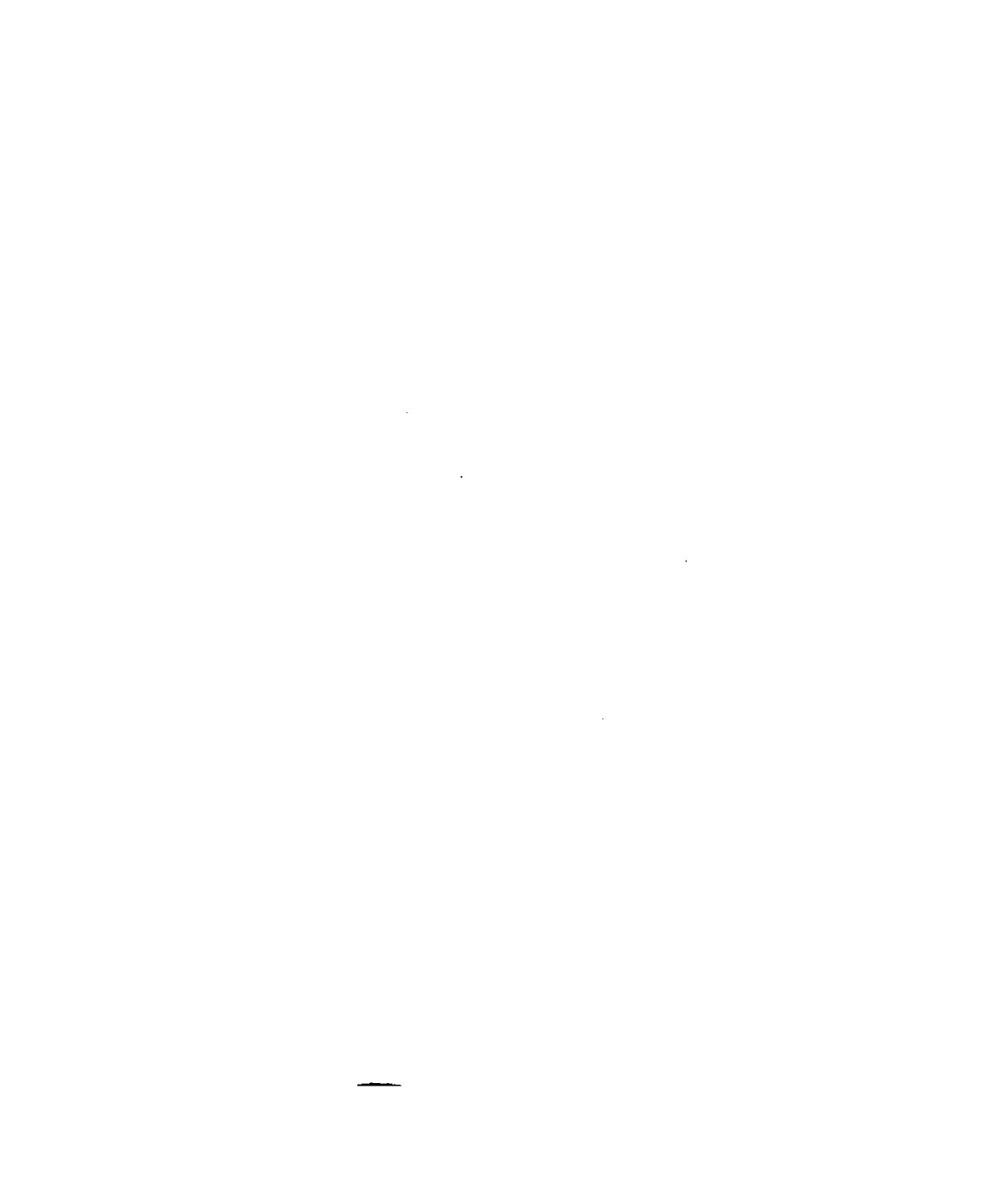




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English Reprints

The last Fight of 'The Revenge' at sea

UNDER THE COMMAND OF

VICE-ADMIRAL SIR RICHARD GRENVILLE

On the 10-11th of September 1591

MS. 17

DESCRIBED BY

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

November 1591

GERVASE MARKHAM

1595

AND

JAN HUYGEN VAN LINSCHOTEN

In Dutch, 1596; English, 1598; and Latin, 1599

Than this [action at sea], what have we more!

What can be greater!—JOHN EVELYN, F.R.S.

*Navigation and Commerce, their Original
and Progress, p. 74, Ed. 1674*

EDITED BY

EDWARD ARBER

F.S.A. ETC. LATE EXAMINER IN ENGLISH

LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE

TO THE UNIVERSITY OF

LONDON

WESTMINSTER

A. CONSTABLE AND CO

1895

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Dr. B. 4-44 F2U

INTRODUCTION.

In the whole Spanish war, but one Queen's ship, the Revenge, and (if I recollect right) but one private man-of-war, Sir Richard Hawkins Dainty [after a three days' fight, 20-22 June 1594, sustained by 75 Englishmen against 1300 Spaniards] had ever struck their colours to the enemy. Rev. Canon Kingsley, Westward Ho! ii, 320, Ed. 1855.

PErhaps in all naval history there never was a more gallant fight than that of the *Revenge* off the Western Isles. Its fame is increasfing with our greater general knowledge of those times. Mr. Kingsley has adduced it in his apotheosis of Elizabeth's sea kings in *Westward Ho!*; and Mr. Froude crowned his article in the *Westminster Review* for July 1852, on *England's Forgotten Worthies*, (since included by him in his *Short Studies on Great Subjects*) with a sketch of this heroic struggle; while we have here collected as many contemporary notices as possible of this celebrated action at sea.

We will very briefly touch on its date, occasion, and necessity; leaving its details and results to our reprinted narratives.

2. Sir W. Raleigh dates the commencement of the Fight at 3 P.M. of the last of August, *i.e.* Old Style, or 10 September, New Style. Linschoten, writing in 1596, five years after the event, puts the arrival of the Armada on 13 September; but Sir Walter, writing in the following November of 1591, and with a fresh knowledge derived from the depositions of the survivors, is much more likely to be correct in this respect.

3. The Western Islands being the junction of the Portuguese fleets from the East Indies, and the Spanish fleets from the West Indies, had been, for years, a favourite cruising ground for English men-of-war and privateers. The wealth of both the Indies was now the heritage of Philip II. Although—by the blasts of the Almighty more than by the power of man—the great Fleet

of 1588, which was the Spanifh inauguration of open war, had been shattered and broken : ftill money and money's worth might rebuild frefh Armadas for Spain, while the King held human life cheap indeed. There could therefore be no halting. England muft fight on and ftrike hard if ſhe would preferve the advantage ſhe had then gained. In capturing or ſinking the Indian ſupplies of gold, ſilver, and ſpices, ſhe ſtopped the ſources of Philip's power to hurt herſelf. So our glorious forefathers ſank, deſtroyed, or brought home every Spanifh ſhip they could approach: while Spain ſtrove her utmoſt to protect her argoſies, and to bring them ſafely into port.

What chances occurred in this conteſt. Five or fix Portuguese carracks uſually returned each year from Goa, laden, almoſt to ſinking point, with the coſtly treaſures of the Eaſt. Drake miſſed, by one day only, outſide Liſbon bar, five of ſuch prizes on 24 Aug. 1589. Linſchoten alſo ſaw the entire quay of Angra, the chief village of Terceira, covered from November 1589 to March 1590, with cheſts of ſilver to the value of five millions of ducats, equal to one million pounds ſterling, or in correſponding preſent value to four or five millions; all landed there at one time, together with a vaſt unregistered quantity of gold, pearls, and other precious ſtones, from two ſhips only, coming from the Weſt Indies. What muſt the annual fleets have carried? A ſpecial fleet was ſent from Spain for this treaſure. In its return to San Lucar it was blown by the wind northwards towards Liſbon. Nevertheless the Admiral, Alvaro Flores de Quiniones would have forced his way back to San Lucar, according to his orders; but the wind and the ſailors' importunities were too ſtrong for him. The fleet went to Liſbon, and was, with the treaſure, ſaved. For off Cape Vincent lay 20 Engliſh ſhips waiting for them, a force that would infallibly have captured or ſunk every one of them. A correſponding ill fortune too, befell many a Spanifh ſhip, now lying at the bottom of the Atlantic.'

Theſe dangers and loſſes alarmed Philip II. and his council.

Whereupon [in September 1590] the king aduifed the fleet, lying in *Havana*, in the Spanifh Indies ready to come for *Spain* that they ſhould ſtay there all that yeare, till the next yeare, becauſe of the great danger they might fal into by the Engliſhmen, which was no ſmall charge, and hinderance to the Fleet, for that the ſhips that lie there doe conſume themſelves, and in a manner eat vp one another, by reaſon of the great number of people, together with the ſcarſetie of al things, ſo that many ſhips choſe rather, one by one to adventure themſelves alone, to get home, then to ſtay there: all which fell into the Engliſh mens hands, whereof diuers of the men were brought into *Tercera*, for that a whole day we could ſee nothing els, but ſpoyled men ſet on ſhore, ſome out of one ſhip, ſome out of another, that pittie it was to ſee, al of them curſing the Engliſhmen, and their owne fortunes, with thoſe that had bin the cauſes to prouoke the Engliſhmen to fight, and complayning of the ſmall remedie and order taken therein by the king of *Spaines* Officers. *Linschoten. p. 191. Ed. 1596.*

4. Sir W. Monſon, who had done good ſervice in the Azores

in 1589, was with his old commander the Earl of Cumberland off the coast of Spain in 1591. His account of this sea-fight is the most disparaging of all to Sir R. Grenville. It was first printed in *Megaloplychy*, 1682, fol., which is a hard and often unfair account of the naval war with Spain, 1587-1603. A.D. A transcript differing verbally from this text is now *Cott. MS. Titus. B. viii.*, and was reprinted in *Archæologia*. xxxiv. 296-349. We give the account entire from the 1682 text:—

Her Majesty understanding of the *Indian Fleets* Wintering in the *Havana*, and that Necessity would compell them home this Year 1591, she sent a Fleet to the Islands under the Command of the Lord *Thomas Howard*.

The King of *Spain* perceiving her Drift, and being sensible how much the safety of that Fleete concerned him, caused them to set out thence so late in the Year, that it endangered the Shipwrack of them all; chosing rather to hazard the perishing of Ships, Men and Goods, then their falling into our hands.

He had two Designs in bringing home this Fleete so late: One was, he thought the Lord *Thomas* would have consumed his Victuals, and have been forced Home: The other, that he might in the mean time furnish the great Fleet he was preparing, little inferior to that of 1588. In the first he found himself deceived: For my Lord was supplied both with Ships and Victuals out of *England*; and in the second, he was as much prevented: For my Lord of *Cumberland*, who then lay upon the Coast of *Spain*, had Intelligence of the *Spaniards* putting out to Sea, and advertised the Lord *Thomas* thereof, the very Night before they arrived at *Flores*, where my Lord lay.

The day after this Intelligence, the *Spanish Fleet* was discovered by my Lord *Thomas*, whom he knew by their Number and Greatness, to be the Ships of which he had warning; and by that means escaped the Danger that Sir *Richard Grenville*, his Vice-admiral rashly ran into. Upon View of the *Spaniards*, which were 55 Sail, the Lord *Thomas* warily, and like a discreet General, weighed Anchor, and made Signs to the rest of his Fleet to do the like, with a purpose to get the Wind of them; but Sir *Richard Grenville*, being a stubborn man, and imagining this Fleet to come from the *Indies*, and not to be the *Armado* of which they were informed, would by no means be persuaded by his Master, or Company, to cut his main Sail, to follow the Admiral; nay, so head-strong and rash he was, that he offered violence to those that counselled him thereto.

But the Old Saying, that a wilful man is the Cause of his own Woe, could not be more truly verified than in him. For when the *Armado* approached him, and he beheld the Greatness of the Ships, he begun to see and repent him of his Folly, and when it was too late, would have freed himself of them, but in vain: For he was left a Prey to the Enemy, every Ship striving to be the first [that] should board him.

This wilful Rashness of Sir *Richard* made the *Spaniards* triumph as much as if they had obtained a Signal Victory, it being the first Ship that ever they took of Her Majesties, and commended to them by some English Fugitives to be the very best she had; but their Joy continued not long. For they enjoyed her but five days before she was cast away with many *Spaniards* in her, upon the Islands of *Tercera*.

Commonly one Misfortune is accompanied with another: For the *Indian Fleet*, for which my Lord had waited the whole Summer, the day after this mishap, fell into the Company of the *Spanish Armado*: who, if they had staid but one day longer, or the *Indian Fleet* had come home but one day sooner, we had possess both them and many millions of Treasure which the Sea afterwards devoured: For from the tyme they met with the *Armado*, and before they could recover home, nigh an hundred of them suffered Shipwrack, besides the *Ascention of Sevil*, and the double Fly-boat, that were sunk by the side of the *Revenge*.

All which was occasioned by their Wintering in the *Indies* and ambogueing from thence: For the Worm which that Country, i weakens and consumes their Ships.

Notwithstanding their cross and perverse Fortune which h means of Sir *Richard Greenville*, the Lord *Thomas* would not or discouraged; but kept the Sea so long as he had Victuals; and b as himself and the rest of the Fleet took, defrayed the better Charge of the whole Action, *p.* 20. *pp.* 24-5.

In flat contradiction with this is a *confidential* letter London on 31 October 1591, by Thomas Phelippe pherer, who some years before had been employed Wallingham in the discovery of the Babington c Writing to his friend Thomas Barnes, he says—

Can write no good news from hence; the loss of the *Revenge* Grenfield is stale; they disguised it here with the sinking of so King of Spain's ships and men; and besides she has since sun with many Spaniards that were in her; they condemn the Lord a coward, and some say he is for the King of Spain. Supposes of the quarrel and offer of combat between the Lord Admiral an Raleigh. Seven prizes, part of the West India fleet, have bee by the merchants that went to second Lord Thomas. They rest, with the King's ships of war, are drowned by a tempest, arrived in Spain. *Cal. S. P., Ellis.*

Nelson at Copenhagen, when Sir Hyde Parker] signal of recal, put his telescope to his sightless eye. cessful, the matter was passed over. Grenville in perishing, is blamed by Monson for not obeying the fi superior officer. Sir W. Raleigh's *Report* was writter and extenuate everybody; but the common proportio the *Revenge* did so much hurt, what would the whc squadron, crippled though it was, have done? if, *Revenge* once committed, however wrongly and c orders, they had all borne down and made an united the Spanish fleet? Even if driven off, they would hav sunk or disabled all the Spanish ships. There *was* of the Spaniards flying as in 1588. While victory v given them, on the very next day, the Indian flee untold prize money, for which they had been so lon Had the fiery Grenville been Admiral and Lord Tho admiral; such a course as this would undoubtedly taken.

8. Sir Richard Hawkins, in his *Observations, &c.*, po published in 1622, shows that Grenville as Vice-ad necessarily the last to leave the island.

In the Fleete of her Maiestie, vnder the charge of my Fat *Hawkins*, Anno 1590. vpon the coast of *Spaine*, the Vice-ad a head one morning, where his place was to be a Sterne, lost vs eight men of Warre, loaden with Munition, Victuals, and Provi supplie of the Souldiers in *Brittaine*: and although they were se Leagues from the Shore, when our Vice-admirall began to fight yet for that the rest of our Fleete were some foure, some five

some more distant from them, when we beganne to give chase: the *Spaniards* recovered into the Harbour of *Monge*, before our Admirall could come vp to give direction, yet well beaten, with losse of aboue two hundreth men, as they themselues confessed to me after.

In this poynt, at the Ile of *Flores*, Sir *Richard Greenfield* got eternall honour and reputation of great valour, and of an experimented Souldier, chusing rather to sacrifice his life, and to passe all danger whatsoever, then to fayle in his Obligation, by gathering together those which had remained a shore in that place, though with the hazard of his ship and companie; And rather we ought to imbrace an honourable death then to liue with infamie and dishonour, by fayling in dutie; and I account that he, and his Country got much honor in that occasion: for one ship, and of the second sort of her Maiesties, sustained the force of all the Fleete of *Spaine*, and gaue them to vnderstand, that they be impregnable, for having bought deereley the boarding of her, divers and sundry times, and with many ioyntly, and with a continuall fight of 14. or 16. houres, at length leaving her without any Mast standing, and like a Logge in the Seas, shee made notwithstanding, a most honourable composition of life and libertie, for aboue two hundreth and sixtie men,¹ as by the Pay-booke appeareth: which her Maiestie of her free grace commanded in recompence of their service, to be given to every one his six moneths wages. All which may worthily be written in our Chronicles in letters of Gold, in memory for all Posterities, some to beware, and others by that example in the like occasions, to imitate the true valour of our Nation in these Ages.

In point of Providence, which Captaine *Vavisor* in the foresight gaue also good prooffe of his valour, in casting about vpon the whole Fleete, notwithstanding the greatnesse and multitude of the Spanish *Armado*, to yeld that succour which he was able; Although some doe say, and I consent with them, that the best valour is to obey, and to follow the head, seeme that good or bad which is commanded. fol. 9-11.

It is manifest, from all accounts, that the *Revenge* could have got away as soon as she was clear of *Flores*. Then comes the turning-point as to the necessity for the fight at all. It was a difference of judgment, probably arising out of a difference of character. Moufan seems to be quite in error in making Grenville to mistake the Armada for the Indian fleet. Grenville dared to outdare everything, and to force his single ship through the Spanish host. The worst that can be said of the fight is that it was the Balaclava charge of that Spanish War. Yet even here, its excessive loss to the Spaniards in ships and men would not justify the phrase, *C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre*. For it was war, and in frightful earnest: as the dreadful shrieks of the sinking Spanish crews drowning out of fight passed all remedy, rang above the cannons' roar amid the horrors of that September night.

6. The advisability of the conflict apart; words cannot sufficiently blazon forth the honour and glory of this great Sea-Fight. One hundred fighting Englishmen at bay with fifteen thousand Spaniards, Portuguese, and Dutch. It is our naval Thermopylæ. Lord Bacon, with his own beautiful style and imagery, thus magnifies it:—

¹ This evidently comprises the entire crew, sick and well. The action seems to have been fought by about a hundred Englishmen. The rest lay sick on the ballast.

In the year 1591. was that Memorable Fight, of an *English Ship* called the *Revenge*, vnder the Command of Sir *Richard Grenville*; Memorable saye euen beyond credit, and to the Height of some Heroicall Fable. though it were a Defeat, yet it exceeded a Victory: Being like the Act of *Samson*, that killed more Men at his Death, than he had done in the time of all his Life. This *Ship*, for the space of 15. hours, sate like a *Sow* amongst Hounds, at the bay, and was seiged, and fought with, in turne by 15. great Ships of Spaine; Part of a Nauy of 55. Ships in all; The rest the Abettors looking on a farre off. And amongst the 15. Ships that fought, the great *Sant Philippo* was one; A Ship of 1500. tonne; Prince of the *twelve Sea Apostles*; Which was right glad, when she was shifted off from the *Revenge*. This braue ship the *Revenge*, being manned only with 150. (Souldiers and Mariners,) whereof 80. lay sicke, yet neuerthelesse after a Fight maintained (as was said) of 15. hours and two Ships of the Enemy sunke by her side; Besides many more torne and battred, and great slaughter of Men; neuer came to be entred, but was taken by Composition. The Enemies themselves hauing in admiration the Vertue of the Commande, and the whole Tragedy of that Ship. *Considerations touching a Warre with Spaine*. [Written in 1624] included in *Certaine Miscellany Works*, Ed. by Dr. Rawley, p. 52-3. Ed. 1629.

7. The *Revenge* was apparently built about 1579; probably at Chatham, by Sir J. Hawkins. She was a notoriously unlucky ship. Sir R. Hawkins gives the following account of her mishaps:—

As was plainly seene in the *Revenge*, which was ever the vnfortunate Ship, the late Queenes Maiestie had during her Raigne; for coming out of Ireland, with Sir *Iohn Parrot*, shee was like to be cast away vpon the Kentish Coast. After in the Voyage of Sir *Iohn Hawkins* my Father, Anno 1586, shee stricke aground coming into *Plimouth*, before her going to Sea: Vpon the coast of Spaine, shee left her Fleete, readie to sinke with a great Leake: At her returne into the Harbour of *Plimouth*, shee beate vpon *Winter Stone*; and after in the same Voyage, going out of *Portsmouth* Haven, shee ranne twice a-ground; and in the latter of them, lay twentie two houres beating vpon the shore, and at length with eight foote of water in hold, she was forced off, and presently ranne vpon the Oose: and was cause, that shee remained there (with other three Ships of her Maiesties) six moneths, till the Spring of the year; When coming about to be docked, entering the river of *Thames*, her old Leake breaking vpon her, had like to haue drowned all those which were in her. In Anno 1591. with a storme of wind and weather, riding at her Moorings in the river of *Rochester*, nothing but her bare Masts over head, shee was turned topse-turvie, her Kele vppermost: And the cost and losse shee wrought, I haue good cause to remember; in her last Voyage, in which shee was lost, when shee gaue *England* and *Spaine* iust cause to remember her. For the *Spaniards* themselves confesse, that three of their Ships sunke by her side, and was the death of aboue 1500. of their men, with the losse of a great part of their fleete, by a storme which suddainly tooke them the next day. What *English* died in her, many liuing, are witnesses: Amongst which was Sir *Richard Grenfield*, a noble and valiant Gentleman, Vice-admirall in her of her Maiesties Fleete. So that well considered, shee was euen a Ship laden, and full fraught with ill successe. *Observations, &c.*, fol. 2-3. Ed. 1622.

Yet the *Revenge* was the crack ship of its class in the British Navy; in which she was what we should now call a Second Rate. She was of 500 tons burden, with a crew of 250 men, and probably carrying from 30 to 40 guns of different sizes. Drake, whose skill in seamanship was unsurpassed, chose her to fight his

ht as Vice-admiral against the Armada of 1588, and it is a gular testimony to her excellent qualities, that despite all her luck, her model should have been selected, after the experience gained in that great conflict, by the first seaman of the time the best type for future ships.

1588. Nov. [20.] Device by Lord Admiral Howard. Sir F. Drake, Sir W. Wynter, Sir John Hawkyngs, Captain Wm. Borough, and others for the construction of four new ships to be built on the model of the *Revenge*, but exceeding her in burthen. The dimensions to be 100 feet by the keel, 35 feet breadth, and 15 feet depth in the hold. *Cal. S. P. Elis.*

8. Cornish men and Devonshire men may ever be proud of Sir Richard Grenville. Among all the Knights of the Sea that attended Queen Elizabeth, and who outvied the fabled deeds of the Knights of the Round Table, he held a high place. A long and active life devoted to his Queen and country was closed by the most glorious of deaths. The dying words of Wolfe on the heights of Abraham, of Moore on the hill above Corunna, of Nelson at Trafalgar, do not surpass those of this fine old English gentleman, who spoke his own epitaph when he said—

Here die I, Richard Grenville, with a joyful and quiet mind: for that I have ended my life as a true soldier ought to do, that I have fought for his countrey, Queen, religion, and honour. Whereby my soul most joyfully departeth out of this body, and will always leave behind it an everlasting fame of a valiant and true soldier; that hath done his dutie as he was bound to do. p. 94.

NOTES RESPECTING Sir RICHARD GRENVILLE, Knt.

of Stow, co. Cornwall, and Bideford, co. Devon.

A short Latin account of Vice-Admiral Sir R. Grenville occurs, with 1 portrait at p. 81 of H. Holland's *Horrologia*, London, 1620, fol. but the does not appear to be any contemporary Life of him. The following br notes are, unless otherwise stated, taken from *Calenders of State Paper Elizabeth* (Domestic), and *Colonial*.

The Grenville family were among the very foremost of the Cornish gent Lysons gives the following account of them.

"The manor of Kilkhampton [in the extreme north of Cornwall] is supposed to have belonged to the Grenville family, from nearly the time of t Conquest: Dugdale says, that they were seated here in the reign of Willia Rufus. Richard de Grenville, who came over with William the Conqueror is said, in the pedigrees of the family, to have been a younger brother Robert Fitzhaman, Earl of Carbill, Lord of Thuringy and Granville, France and Normandy; and to have been lineally descended from Rol Duke of Normandy. It is on record, that Richard de Grenville held cert knight's fees at Bideford in Devonshire, in the reign of Henry II. V have not found any record of the Grenvilles' possessions at Kilkhampton, an earlier date than the *quo warranto* roll before-mentioned [1301 A.D.], b it appears that it had at that time been long in the family: they continu to reside at Stowe, in this parish, for many generations, and frequen served the office of sheriff for the county. William Grenville or Grenfie (as the name was at that early period generally written), son of Sir Theoba became Archbishop of York, and distinguished himself as an able statesma he died in 1315. Sir Richard Grenville, son of Roger (who was himself captain in the navy, and lost his life, as Carew tells us, in the unfortun Mary Rose), was a celebrated military and naval commander in the reign Queen Elizabeth. He first distinguished himself [æt. 16] in the wars [Hungary] under the Emperor Maximilian against the Turks, for which name is recorded by several foreign writers." *Magna Britannia*. iii. *Cor wall*, p. 163, Ed. 1814.

Richard Carew of Anthony, notices Stow, at f. 118, in his *Survey Cornwall*, finished on 23 April 1602.

1571. R. Grenville of Stow represents Cornwall in Parliament.

1577 or 1578. Having been High Sheriff for Cornwall he is knighted See also S. Morgan's *Sphere of Gentry* iii. 90, Ed. 161 under Richard Gri(n)field.

1581. OCT. 25. Is, with other commissioners, at Radstow, examining Jo Piers, the pirate.

1582. MAY 5. Is, with other commissioners, at Penryn, enquiring touching the taking away of the Spanish ship out of Falmout by Sir J. Killigrew's servants.

1583. DEC. 27. Writes from Redford as to the custody of the Castle a Island of Tintagel.

1584. MAY. One of the commissioners for Dover Haven. He propos the erection of a mole at Folkestone.

JULY 13. Captains Amadas and Barlowe, sent out with two ships 1 Sir W. Raleigh, take possession of Virginia.

AUG. 6. Sir R. Grenville writes from Penheale that he has been busily engaged with the musters that he could not make c collections for the relief of Namptwich [destroyed by fire].

OCT. 17. Sends from 'my poor house of Stow' a further sum of £ for the relief of Namptwich.

OCT. Signs the national Association for the defence of the Quee

1585. MAY 19. Sir W. Raleigh's first colony, headed by Ralph Lane, f Virginia, sets out from Plymouth in 7 ships, under Sir 1 Grenville. *Hakluyt. Eng. Voyages, &c.* p. 733, Ed. 1589.

AUG. 12. *Ralph Lane to Sec. Walsingham* [from Port Ferdinand Virginia]. The General [Sir Ric. Grenville's] return to En land cuts him off from reporting upon the peculiarities of t

country. Although they arrived there late in the year, wholly through the fault of him who intends to accuse others.

SEPT. 8. *Lane to Secretary Walsingham* [from the New Fort in Virginia]. Has thought good to advertise him concerning Sir R. Greenefeelde's (Grenville) complaints against sundry gentlemen of this service, and particularly against Mr. Candyshe [Thos. Cavendish afterwards the circumnavigator] their high marshal, Edw. Gorge, Francis Brooke, their treasurer, and Capt. Clerk. Certifies to their faithfulness and industry, and to the tyrannical conduct of Grenville from first to last, through whose great default the action had been made most painful and perilous. Refers him to an ample discourse of the whole voyage in the hands of the bearer, their treasurer, directed to Sir W. Raleigh, wherein Grenville's intolerable pride, insatiable ambition, and proceedings towards them all, and to Lane in particular, are set forth. Has had so much experience of Grenville as to desire to be freed from the place where he is to carry any authority in chief.

AUG. 31. Sir R. Grenville returning home takes 'a Spanish ship of 300 tunne richly loaden, boording her with a boate made with boards of chests, which fell a sunder, and sunke at the shippes side assoone as euer he and his men were out of it.' Hakluyt, *idem*, p. 736.

OCT. 29. *Sir Rich. Grenville to Sec. Walsingham* [from Plymouth]. Acquaints him with the success of his voyage. Has performed the action directed, and discovered, taken possession of, and peopled a new country [Virginia], and stored it with cattle, fruits, and plants. The commodities that are found there are such as he was advertised of by his cousin Sir Walter Raleigh. In his way home captured, after some fighting, a Spanish ship, returning from St. Domingo, laden with ginger and sugar. 1586. APR. 27. The Justices of Cornwall report to the Council 'Sir R. Greynvile being about to depart to sea, has left his charge of 300 men to Geo. Greynvill.'

JUNE 19. Sir F. Drake and a large fleet bring home the first Virginian colony, arriving at Plymouth on 27 JULY.

JUNE. Immediately after their departure, a ship of 100 tons arrives with supplies, but finding the colony gone, returns home.

JULY. About 14 or 15 days after the departure of this ship, Sir R. Grenville, with 3 ships, arrives in Virginia. He also returns.

"Not long after he fell in with the Isles of *Azores*, on some of which islands he landed, and spoyleth the towns of such things as were worth cariage, where also he tooke diuers Spanyardes, with these and many other employtes done by him in this voyage, as well outwarde as homeward, he returned into England.—Hakluyt, *Idem*, p. 748.

1587. MAR. Is appointed by the Queen to survey the maritime defences and review the trained bands in Devonshire and Cornwall.

1588. APR. 3. In a statistical return of the musters of England at this date, *Harl. MS.* 4228, f. 70, out of 1,500 trained men in Cornwall, Sir Richard comes first with 303 men, armed with 129 *shott*, 69 *coralett*s, 179 *bowes*, and 0 [nought] *billes*.

APR. While preparing another fleet at Bideford for Virginia, for Sir W. Raleigh, Grenville is stayed by the Queen.

JULY-AUG. In the Armada fight; he guards Cornwall and Devon.

SEPT. 14. The Queen tells him to stay all shipping upon the north coast of Devon and Cornwall, as some of the Spanish ships had been driven to sundry ports on the west coast of Ireland.

1591. AUG. 31. [SEPT. 10.] The fight in the *Revenge* begins.

SEPT. 3 or 4 [13 or 14.] Sir R. Grenville dies on board the Spanish Admiral's ship, and his body is buried in the sea. He leaves four sons and five daughters. He was the grandfather of the 'English Bayard,' Sir Bevil Grenville [b. 23 March 1595—killed at the battle of Lansdowne, near Bath, on 5 July 1643].

DEC. 9. A commission issued to Sir R. Beville and five others to inquire after the death of Sir R. Grenville, co. Cornwall.

12 NOTES RESPECTING SIR RICHARD GRENVILLE.

The family were patrons of Bideford church; the only monument in which was that of Sir T. Grenville, Kt., *d.* 18 Mar. 1513.

The decease of our hero's widow is thus entered in the parish register:—
1623. Nov. 5. "The Ladie Mary Grenville, daughter unto the Right honourable Sir John St. Leger, Knight, deceased, and wife to that famous Warriour Sir Richard Grenville, Knight, also deceased, beinge in his life time the Spaniard's terror; She was buried in the Grenville's Isle in the church of Bediford the fifthe daie of November, A.D. 1623." *Polwhele. History of Devon, p. 425. Ed. 1797.*

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

A Report of the Truth of the Fight, &c.

I.—As a separate publication.

1. 1591. London. 1 vol. 4to: see title on opposite page.

II.—With other works.

2. 1599-1600. London. Richard Hakluyt's *English Voyages, Navigations, &c.*, where it is, at vol. ii. 169, reprinted with this addition to the title. 'Penned by the honourable Sir *Walter Raleigh*, knight.'
3. 1810-12. London. In this Reprint of Hakluyt's *Voyages*, under the editorship of R. H. EVANS, the tract will be found at ii. 662-71. Ed. 1810.

∴ The authorship is fixed by Hakluyt's heading at No. 2. Curiously enough the tract is not included in either of the two editions of Raleigh's *Works* that have as yet appeared: viz. that of Dr. Birch in 1751, excluding, and the Oxford edition of 1829 including, the *History of the World*.

4. 1871. Nov. 15. London, 1 vol. 8vo. *English Reprints*: see title at p. 1.

The Tragedie of Sir Richard Grenuile, Knt.

I. As a separate publication.

1. 1591. London. 1 vol. 4to: see title at p. 35.

II. With other works.

2. 1871. Nov. 15. London. 1 vol. 8vo. *English Reprints*: see title at p. 1.

Jan Ruysgen van Linschoten's Travels, &c.

1. 1596-5-6. Amsterdam. Itinerario. Voyage ofte Schipvaert/ van Jan vol. fol. Huyghen van Linschoten naer Oost ofte Portugaels Indien &c. The extract here printed occurs at pp. 156-7 of this edition.
2. 1598. London. John Huighen van Linschoten his Discours of Voyages vol. fol. into ye Easte and West Indies Deuided into Fourre Bookes.

∴ There were several later continental editions in Latin, French, &c.

A REPORT
OF THE TRVTH OF
the fight about the Iles of
Agores, this last
Sommer.

BETVVIXT THE
Reuenge, one of her Maiesties
Shippes,
And an Armada of the King
of Spaine.



L O N D O N
Printed for william Ponsonbie.
1 5 9 1.

A report of the truth of the fight about
*the Isles of Açores, this last summer, betwixt
the Reuenge, one of her Maiesties Shippes,
and an Armada of the king
of Spaine.*



Ecause the rumours are diuerfly spred,
as well in Englande as in the lowe
countries and els where, of this late
encounter between her maiesties
ships and the Armada of *Spain*;
and that the Spaniardes according
to their vsuall maner, fill the world
with their vaine glorious vaunts,
making great apparance of victories: when on the
contrary, themselves are most commonly and shame-
fully beaten and dishonoured; thereby hoping to pos-
se the ignorant multitude by anticipating and
rerunning false reports: It is agreeable with all good
reason, for manifestation of the truth to overcome
doubt and vntruth; that the beginning, continuance
and successe of this late honourable encounter of Syr
Richard Grinuile, and other her maiesties Captaines,
with the Armada of *Spaine*; should be truly set downe
and published without parcialitie or false imaginations.
And it is no maruell that the Spaniard should seeke by
false and slanderous Pamphlets, aduises and Letters,
to couer their owne losse, and to derogate from others
their due honours especially in this fight being per-
formed farre off; seeing they were not ashamed in the
year 1588. when they purposed the inuasion of this
land, to publish in sundrie languages in print, great
stories in wordes, which they pleaded to haue ob-
tained against this Realme, and spreadde the same in a
most false sort ouer all partes of *France, Italie*, and
sewhere. When shortly after it was happily mani-

sailed in verie deed to all Nations, how their Navy
 which they termed invincible, consisting of 240. sail
 of ships, not onely of their own kingdom, but strength-
 ened with the greatest Argolies, *Portugall* Caracks,
 Florentines and huge Hulkes of other countries:
 were by thirtie of her Maiesties owne shippes of warre,
 and a few of our owne Marchants, by the wise
 valiant, and most aduantageous conduction of the L.
Charles Howard, high Admirall of England, beaten
 and shuffeled together, euen from the Lizard in *Corn-
 wall*: first to *Portland*, where they shamefully lost
Don Pedro de Valdes, with his mightie shippe: from
Portland to *Cales*, where they lost *Hugo de Moncada*,
 with the Gallies of which he was Captain, and from
Cales, driuen with squibs from their anchors: were
 chased out of the sight of England, round about
Scotland and *Ireland*. Where for the sympathie of
 their barbarous religion, hoping to finde succour and
 assistance: a great part of them were crueltie against
 the rocks, and those other that landed, being verie
 manie in number, were notwithstanding broken, slaine
 and taken, and so sent from village to village coupled
 in halters to be shipped into Engla[n]d. Where her
 Maiestie of her Princely and invincible disposition,
 disdaining to put them to death, and scorning either
 to retaine or entertaine them: [they] were all sent backe
 againe to their countries, to witnesse and recount the
 worthy achievements of their invincible and dreadful
 Navy. Of which the number of souldiers, the feare-
 full burthen of their shippes, the commanders names
 of euery Squadron, with all other their magazines of proui-
 sion, were put in print, as an Army and Nauy vnresist-
 ible, and disdaining preuention. With all which so
 great and terrible an ostentation, they did not in all
 their sailing rounde about England, so much as sinke or
 take one ship, Barke, Pinnes, or Cockbote of ours
 or euer burnt so much as one sheepecote of this land
 When as on the contrarie, Syr *Francis Drake*, with

only 800. souldiers not long before, landed in their Indies, and forced *Santiago, Santo Domingo, Cartagena,* and the Fortes of *Florida*.

And after that, Syr *John Norris* marched from *Peniche* in *Portugall*, with a handfull of souldiers, to the gates of *Lisbone*, being aboute 40. English miles. Where the Earle of *Effex* himselfe and other valiant Gentlemen, braued the Cittie of *Lisbone*, encamped at the verie gates; from whence after many daies abode, finding neither promised partie, nor prouision to batter: made retrait by land, in despight of all their Garrisons, both of Horse and foote. In this sort I haue a little digressed from my first purpose, only by the necessarie comparison of theirs and our actions: the one couetous of honour without vaunt or ostentation; the other so greedy to purchase the opinion of their own affaires, and by false rumors to resist the blasts of their owne dishonors, as they wil not only not blush to spread all maner of vntruthes: but euen for the least aduantage, be it but for the taking of one poore aduenturer of the English, will celebrate the victorie with benefiers in euerie town, alwaies spending more in faggots, then the purchase was worth they obtained. When as we neuer yet thought it worth the consumption of two billets, when we haue taken eight or ten of their Indian shippes at one time, and twentie of the *Brafill* fleet. Such is the difference betweene true valure, and ostentation: and betweene honourable actions, and friuolous vaine glorious uauents. But now to returne to my first purpose.

The L. *Thomas Howard*, with fixe of her Maiesties ships, fixe victualers of London, the barke *Raleigh*, and two or three Pinnasses riding at anchor nere vnto *Flores*, one of the Westerlie Ilands of the *Azores*, the last of August in the after noone, had intelligence by one Captaine *Middleton*, of the approach of the Spanish Armada. Which *Middleton* being in a verie good Sailer, had kept them companie three daies before, of

good purpose, both to discouer their forces the more, as also to giue aduice to my *L. Thomas* of their approach. He had no sooner deliuered the newes but the Fleet was in sight: manie of our shippes companies were on shore in the Iland; some prouiding balast for their ships; others filling of water and refreshing themselves from the land with such things as they coulede either for money, or by force recouer. By reason whereof our ships being all pestered and romaging euerie thing out of order, verie light for want of balast. And that which was most to our disaduantage, the one halfe part of the men of euerie shippe sicked, and vtterly vnseruiceable. For in the *Reuenge* there were nintie diseased: in the *Bonaventure*, not so many in health as could handle her maine saile. For had not twentie men beene taken out of a Barke of Sir *George Caryes*, his being commanded to be funke, and those appointed to her, she had hardly euer recovered England. The rest for the most part, were in little better state. The names of her Maiesties shippes were these as followeth: the *Defiance*, which was Admirall, the *Reuenge* Viceadmirall, the *Bonaventure* commanded by Captaine *Crosse*, the *Lion* by *George Fenner*, the *Forefight* by *M. Thomas Vauisfour*, and the *Crane* by *Duffield*. The *Forefight* and the *Cran* being but small ships; onely the other were of the middle size; the rest, besid[e]s the Barke *Raleigh*, commanded by Captaine *Thin*, were victualers, and of small force or none. The Spanish fleete hauing shrouded their approach by reason of the Iland; were now so soone at hand, as our ships had scarce time to waye their anchors, but some of them were driuen to let slippe their Cables, and set sayle. Sir *Richard Grinuile* was the last waied, to recouer the men that were vpon the Iland, which otherwise had beene lost. The *L. Thomas* with the rest verie hardly recovered the winde, which Sir *Richard Grinuile* not being able to do, was perswaded by the maister and others to cut his

naine faile, and cast about, and to trust to the sailing of his shippe: for the Squadron of Siuil were on his vether bow. But Sir *Richard* vtterly refused to turne from the enimie, alledging that he would rather chose to dye, then to dishonour him selfe, his countrie, and her Maiesties shippe, perswading his companie that he would passe through the two Squadrons, in despight of hem: and enforce those of *Siuil* to giue him way. Which he performed vpon diuerse of the formost, who as the Marriners terme it, sprang their luffe, and fell vnder the lee of the *Reuenge*. But the other course had bene the better, and might right well haue bene answered in so great an impossibilitie of preuailing. Notwithstanding out of the greatnesse of his minde, he could not bee perswaded. In the meane while as hee attended those which were nearest him, the great *San Philip* being in the winde of him, and comming towards him, becalmed his failes in such sort, as the shippe could neither way nor feele the helme: so huge and high charged was the Spanish ship, being of a thousand and fve hundred tuns. Who afterlaid the *Reuenge* aboard. When he was thus bereft of his failes, the ships that wer vnder his lee luffing vp, also laid him aborde: of which the next was the Admirall of the Biscaines, a verie mightie and puyfant shippe commanded by *Brittan Dona*. The said *Philip* carried three tire of ordinance on a side, and eleuen peeces in euerie tire. She shot eight forth right out of her chafe, besides those of her Sterne portes.

After the *Reuenge* was intangled with this *Philip*, foure other boorded her; two on her larboord, and two on her starboord. The fight thus beginning at three of the clocke in the after noone, continued verie terrible all that euening. But the great *San Philip* hauing receyued the lower tire of the *Reuenge*, discharged with crossebarshot, shifted hir selfe with all diligence from her sides, vtterly misliking hir first entertainment. Some say that the shippe foundred,

but wee cannot resort to for truth, while we are
 assured. The Spanish ships were filled with companies
 of footmen, in some two hundred besides the Mar-
 iners: in some one, in others eight hundred. In one
 there were none at all beside the Mariners, but the
 servants of the commanders and some few voluntary
 Gentlemen only. After many interchanged volleys of
 great ordinance and small shot, the Spaniards de-
 termined to enter the *Revenge*, and made divers attempts
 hoping to force her by the multitudes of their arm-
 ed footmen and Musketeers, but were still repulsed again
 and again, and at all times beaten backe, into the
 owne shippes, or into the sea. In the beginning of
 the fight, the *George* Sonne of *London*, having received
 some shot throwe her by the Armados, fell under the
 Lee of the *Revenge*, and asked Syr *Richard* what he
 would command him, being but one of the victuals
 and of small force: Syr *Richard* bid him save himselfe,
 and leave him to his fortune. After the fight had thus
 without intermission, continued while the day lasted
 and some houres of the night, many of our men were
 slain and hurt, and one of the great Gallies of the
 Armada, and the Admirall of the Hulkes both sunk,
 and in many other of the Spanish ships great slaughter
 was made. Some write that Sir *Richard* was very
 dangerously hurt almost in the beginning of the fight,
 and lay speechlesse for a time ere he recovered. But
 two of the *Revenues* owne companie, brought home in
 a ship of Lime from the Ilandes, examined by some of
 the Lordes, and others: affirmed that he was neuer so
 wounded as that hee forooke the vpper decke, til an
 houre before midnight; and then being shot into the
 bodie with a Musket as hee was a dressing, was againe
 shot into the head, and withall his Chirurgeon wounded
 to death. This agreeth also with an examination
 taken by Syr *Frances Godolphin*, of 4. other Mar-
 iners of the same shippe being returned, which exam-
 ination, the said Syr *Frances* sent vnto maister *William*
Killigrew, of her Maiesties priuie Chamber.

But to return to the fight, the Spanish ships which attempted to board the *Reuenge*, as they were wounded and beaten of, so alwaies others came in their places, she hauing neuer lesse then two mightie Gallions by her sides, and aboard her. So that ere the morning from three of the clocke the day before, there had fiftene feuerall Armados assailed her; and all so ill approued their entertainment, as they were by the breake of day, far more willing to harken to a composition, then hastily to make any more assaults or entries. But as the day encreased, so our men decreased: and as the light grew more and more, by so much more grew our discomforts. For none appeared in fight but enemies, sauing one small ship called the *Pilgrim*, commanded by *Jacob Whiddon*, who houered all night to see the successe: but in the mornyng bearing with the *Reuenge*, was hunted like a hare amongst many ranenous houndes, but escaped.

All the powder of the *Reuenge* to the last barrell was now spent, all her pikes broken, fortie of her best men slaine, and the most part of the rest hurt. In the beginning of the fight she had but one hundreth free from sicknes, and fourescore and ten sicke, laid in hold vpon the Ballast. A small troupe to man such a ship, and a weake Garrison to resist so mighty an Army. By those hundred all was sustained, the voleis, bourdings, and entrings of fiftene shippes of warre, besides those which beat her at large. On the contrarie, the Spanish were alwaies supplied with souldiers brought from euerie Squadron: all maner of Armes and powder at will. Vnto ours there remained no comfort at all, no hope, no supply either of ships, men, or weapons; the mastes all beaten ouer board, all her tackle cut a sunder, her vpper worke altogether rased, and in effect euened shee was with the water, but the verie foundation or bottom of a ship, nothing being left ouer head either for flight or defence. Syr *Richard* finding himselfe in this distresse, and vnable

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against all Christian Princes, over
lawfull and vngodly rule and

Before this wrack hapned to the
some of our prisoners desired to
on the Ilands, hoping to be from
into England, which libertie was
generall promised: One *Morice Fitz*
John of Desmond a notable traitor,
the late Earle of *Desmond*, was sent
from ship to ship, to perswade them to
Spain. The argument he vied to
were these. The increase of pay which
bee trebled: advancement to the
the exercise of the true Catholike
libertie of their soules to all. For the
beggerly and vnaturall behaviour of
and Irish rebels, that serued the King
that action, was sufficient to answer that
of rich paie. For so poore and beggerly
as for want of apparell they stripped their
very men prisoners out of their ragged gar-
ne to nothing by six months serue, and
to depoile them euen of their bloodie
from their wounded bodies, and the very
from their feete; A notable testimonie of their
ertainment and great wages. The second
was hope of advancement if they serued well,
ould continue faithfull to the King. But what
be so blockishly ignorant euer to expect grace
our from a forraigne king, heauing no argument on
ation then his owne disloyaltie; to bee vnaturall
to owne countrie that bredd him; to his parents
begat him, and rebellious to his true prince, to
se obedience he is bound by othe, by nature, by
tion. No, they are ouely assured to be employed
ill desperate enterpriser, to be held in scorn and
kaine euer among those whom they serue. A

that euer traitor was either trusted or aduanced I could neuer yet reade, neither can I at this time remember any example. And no man could haue lesse become the place of an Orator for such a purpose, then this *Morice of Desmond*. For the Earle his cosen being one of the greatest subiects in that kingdom of *Ireland*, hauing almost whole contries in his possession; so many goodly manners, Castles, and Lordships; the Count Palatine of *Kerry*, five hundred gentlemen of of his owne name and familie to follow him, besides others. All which he possessed in peace for three or foure hundred yeares: was in lesse then three yeares after his adhering to the Spaniards and rebellion, beaten from all his holdes, not so many as ten gentlemen of his name left liuing, him selfe taken and beheaded by a souldiour of his owne nation, and his land giuen by a Parliament to her Maiestie, and possessed by the English. His other cosen Sir *John of Desmond* taken by M. *John Zouch*, and his body hanged ouer the gates of his natieue citie to bee deuoured by Rauens: the third brother of Sir *James* hanged, drawne, and quartered in the same place. If he had withall vaunted of this successe of his owne house, no doubt the argument woulde haue moued much, and wrought great effect; which because he for that present forgot, I thought it good to remember in his behalfe. For matter of religion it would require a particuler volume, if I should set downe how irreligiously they couer their greedy and ambitious pretences, with that vayle of pietie. But sure I am, that there is no kingdom or common wealth in all Europe, but if they bee reformed, they then inuade it for religion sake: if it be, as they terme Catholike, they pretende title; as if the Kinges of *Castile* were the naturall heires of all the worlde: and so betweene both, no kingdom is vnfought. where they dare not with their owne forces to inuade, they basely entertaine the traitors and vacabondes of all nations; seeking by *those* and by their runnagate *Iesuits* to win partes.

haue by that meane ruined many Noble houfes
 others in this land, and haue extinguished both
 liues and families. What good, honour, or for-
 euer man yet by them achiued, is yet vnheard of,
 written. And if our English Papistes do but
 into *Portugall*, against whom they haue no pre-
 of religion, how the Nobilitie are put to death,
 soned, their rich men made a pray, and all fortes
 ople captiued; they shall find that the obedience
 of the Turke is easie and a libertie, in respect of
 auerie and tyrannie of *Spaine*. What they haue
 in *Sicill*, in *Naples*, *Millayne*, and in the low
 ries; who hath there beene spared for religion at
 And it commeth to my remembrance of a cer-
 Burger of *Antwerpe*, whose house being entred
 companie of Spanish souldiers, when they first
 d the Citie, hee besought them to spare him and
 codes, being a good Catholike, and one of their
 partie and faction. The Spaniards answered,
 hey knew him to be of a good conscience for
 selfe, but his money, plate, iewels, and goodes
 all hereticall, and therefore good prize. So they
 d and tormented the foolish Flemming, who
 d that an *Agnus Dei* had beene a sufficient Tar-
 gainst all force of that holie and charitable nation.
 er haue they at any time as they protest inuaded
 ingdomes of the *Indies* and *Peru*, and els where,
 nely led thereunto, rather, to reduce the people
 hristianitie, then for either golde or emperie.
 as in one onely Iland called *Hispaniola*, they
 waisted thirtie hundred thousand of the naturall
 le, besides manie millions els in other places of
 ndies: a poore and harmelesse people created of
 and might haue beene won to his knowledge,
 ny of them were, and almost as manie as euer
 perfwaded thereunto. The Storie whereof is at
 written by a Bishop of their owne nation called
holome de las Casas, and translated into English
 manie other languages, intituled *The Spanish*

cruelties. Who would therefore repose trust in such a nation of rauinous straungers, and especially in those Spaniardes which more greedily thirst after English bloud, then after the liues of anie other people of Europe; for the manie ouerthrowes and dishonour they haue receiued at our handes, whose weaknesse we haue discouered to the world, and whose forces at home abroad, in *Europe*, in *India*, by sea and land; we haue euen with handfulls of men and shippes, ouer throwne and dishonoured. Let not therefore anie English man of what religion soeuer, haue other opinion of the Spaniards, but that those whom hee seeketh to winne of our nation, hee esteemes base and traiterous, vnworthie persons, or vnconferable fooles: and that he vseth his pretence of religion, for no other purpose, but to bewitch vs from the obedience of our naturall prince; thereby hoping in this to bring vs to slauerie and subiection, and then not to be able to free vs from it. These traitours shall be vnto them so odious, and disdained as the traitours themselues, who haue solde their countrie to a straunger, and forsaken their faith and obedience contrarie to nature or religion; and contrarie to the humane and generall honour, not onely of Christians but of heathen and irreligious nations, who haue alwaies sustained what labour soeuer, and embraced euen death it selfe, for their countrie, prince or common-wealth. To conclude, it hath euer to this day pleased God, to prosper and defend her Maiestie, to breake the purposes of malicious enemies, of foresworne traitours, and of iniust practises and inuasions. She hath euer bene honoured of the worthiest Kinges, serued by faithfull subiects, and shall by the fauour of God, resist, repell, and confound all whatsoeuer attempts against her sacred Person or kingdome. In the meane time, let the Spaniard and traitour vaunt of their successe; and we her true and obedient vassalles guided by the shining light of her vertues, shall alwaies loue her, serue her, and obey her to the end of our liues.

F I N I S.

A particular note of the Indian fleet, expected to haue come into Spaine this present yeare of 1591. with the number of ships that perished at the same: according to the examination of certaine Spanyards, lately taken and brought into England by the shippes of London.



The fleet of *Noua Hispania*, at their gathering together and setting forth, were 52. failes. The Admirall was of 600. tunns, and the Vice Admirall of the same burthen. Foure or fiue of the ships were of 900. and 1000. tunnes a peece, some 500. and 400. and the least 200. tunnes. Of this fleet 19. were cast away, and them 2600. men by estimation, which was done along the coast of *Noua Hispania*, so that of the same yet, there came to the *Hauana*, but three and thirtie failes.

The fleete of *Terra Firma*, were at their first departure from *Spain*, 50. failes, which were bound for *Nombre de Dios*, where they did discharge their ding, and thence returned to *Cartagena*, for their healths sake, vntill the time the treasure was readie they should take in, at the *Nombre de Dios*. But before this fleet departed, some were gone by one or two at a time, so that only 23. failes of this fleete arrived in the *Hauana*.

| | | |
|--------------------------------|---|--|
| <i>At the Hauana there met</i> | } | 33. failes of <i>Noua Hispania</i> . 23. failes of <i>Terra Firma</i> . 12. failes of <i>San Domingo</i> . 9. failes of <i>Hunduras</i> . |
|--------------------------------|---|--|

In the whole 77. ships, which ioyned and fet fa together, at the *Hauana*, the 17. of Iuly, according our account, and kept together vntill they came i the height of 35. degrees, which was about the te of Auguft, where they found the winde at Southw chaunged fodenly to the North, fo that the fea co ming out of the Southwest, and the winde v violent at North, they were put all into great tremity, and then firft loft the Generall of their fle with 500. men in her; and within three or fo daies after an other ftorme rifing, there were f or fix other of the biggeft ships caft away with their men, together with their vice Admirall.

And in the height of 48. degrees about the end Auguft, grew an other great ftorme, in which all t fleet fauing 48. failes were caft away: which failes kept together, vntill they came in fight of t Ilands of *Coruo* and *Flores*, about the 5. or 6. September, at which time a great ftorme fepera them; of which number 15. or 16. were after feene thefe Spanyards to ride at anchor vnder the *Terça* and twelue or foureteene more to beare with the Iland S. *Michaels*; what became of them after that th Spaniards were taken, cannot yet be certified; th opinion is, that verie few of the fleet are efaped, but either drowned or taken. And it is otherwaies late certified, that of this whole fleet that fhould h come into *Spaine* this yeare, being 123. faile, th are as yet arriued but 25. This note was taken

of the examination of certaine Spaniards, that wer brought into England by fix of the ships
of London, which tooke feuen of
the aboue named Indian
fleet, neere the Ilands

of *Açores*.

F I N I S.

L O N D O N

Printed for William Ponsonbie.

1 5 9 1.

The last Fight of the Revenge at sea.

Gervase Markham.

The most honourable Tragedy of
Sir RICHARD GRENVILLE, Kt.

1595.

[The ensuing poem was undoubtedly based on the preceding tract. Whatever may be its merits, it does certainly help us to realize the long duration of the Fight.

A succinct account of Gervase Markham is given by the Rev. D. F. Markham in his privately printed *History of the Markham Family*, London, 1854, from which we quote the following from the chapter devoted to the Markhams of Cotham in Nottinghamshire.

"GERVASE MARKHAM, the third son of Robert, born about the year 1566, was, like his brother Francis, both a soldier and scholar. In the former capacity, after having been engaged in the wars on the European battle-ground of the Low Countries, he followed Essex into Ireland, and served under his command with credit, in company with his brothers Francis and Godfrey.

He is better known however in the literature of his day, and, though he never arrived at a very high pitch of fame, was not only a voluminous, but a very popular writer." p. 34.

"Gervase's education was of the highest order, for he was not only esteemed a good classical scholar, but was perfect master of the French, Italian, and Spanish languages. He was never at a loss for a subject for his pen, and none appears to have been ever rejected by him. Husbandry, housewifery, farriery, horsemanship, military tactics, hunting, hawking, fowling, fishing, archery, heraldry, poetry, romances, and the drama, all shared his attention, and exercised his genius and industry." p. 38.

"... The next most voluminous subject [to horsemanship] that engaged our author's attention was husbandry, of which he published not less than seven or eight separate works, which, with his books on horses, were in the highest repute till the beginning of the present century, and passed through an incredible number of editions. It would be tedious here to enter into their various merits: it will be sufficient to mention their names: *The English Husbandman*, 1613; *The Country Farm*, 1616; *Cheap and Good Husbandry*, 13 editions; *A Farewell to Husbandry*, 10 editions; *The Way to get Wealth*, 14 editions; *The whole Art of Husbandry*; *The Enrichment of the Weald of Kent*, 5 editions; and *The English Housewife*." p. 37.

The present work was thus registered for publication:

9 September 1595.

JAMES ROBERTS entered for his copie under the Wardens handes a booke intituled *The moste honourable Tragicdie of Sir Richard Grinville Knighte* vjth.

THE
Most Honorable Tra-
gedie of Sir Richard
Grinuile, Knight.

(:.)

*Bramo affai, poco spero,
nulla chieggio.*



At London,
Printed by I. Roberts,
for Richard Smith.

1595.

The Epistle.



To the Right Honorable
his singuler good Lord, *Charles*,
Lord Montioy.



THE zeale (most excellent Lord) which
in my soule hath euer beene d
uoted to your seruice, intang
with your honorable fauors
mine vnable deferuings, hath giue
fier to my hart, and wings to m
youngling Muse, to raise her leaden humor aboue the
ordinarie pitch of her dull Anthems, and sing of
subiect, the height of whose action, might, if I ha
might, make my verse most mightie, graunt then (re
nowned Lord) that thine eyes may lighten on m
layes, and thy graces keepe from scandall my poore
wydowed Orphan: pyttie renowned Grinuile, in his
death-renowning hower, and excuse his rough Poet
whose fences are vnshapt, for more softer melodie
so shall hee liue happie, and I vnfaultie; both satisfied

Your Lordships eternally

Ieruis Markham



O THE RIGHT HO-
norable, Robert, Earle of
Suffex.

Reat Lord, to whom infinitiues of fame
Flock like night starres about the siluer Moone,
giuest new fier to learnings late quencht flame,
g the Muse by stonie times vndoone,
: me finde fauour in thine honord fight,
g my rimes vnto thy sacred hand :
whilst their accents talke of valures might,
them some splendour from thy valures brand,
ou in their lines, they in thine eyes shall see,
ng but honors vncontrouled minde,
lending, they exacting still from thee,
unce, that might to mightines doth blinde,
d for his sake whose praise my Muse hath fought
our my worke, the image of thy thought.

I. M.



✻ To the right Honorable, Hen
 Wriothesly, Earle of South-hamptc
and Baron of Titchfelde.

THou glorious Laurell of the Muses hill,
 Whose eyes doth crowne the most victorius
 Bright Lampe of Vertue, in whose sacred sküll,
 Liues all the blisse of eares-inchaunting men,
 From grauer subiects of thy graue affayes,
 Bend thy coragious thoughts vnto these lines,
 The graue from whence mine humble Muse doth r
 True honors spirit in her rough deseignes ;
 And when the stubborne stroke of my harsh f
 Shall seasonlesse glide through almightie eares,
 Vouchsafe to sweet it with thy blessed tong,
 VVhose wel tun'd sound stills musick in the sphear
 So shall my tragick layes be blest by thee,
 And from thy lips suck theyr eternitie.

I. M.



To the honorable Knight, Sir
Edward VVingfield.

When *Alexander* read *Achilles* prayse,
 VVith honours enuie, and a loftie hart,
 He shed stout teares, in ruth of stonie dayes
 Which to his acts no Musicke could impart,
 So all my all, essence of what I am,
 Though our *Achilles* praise play in thine eye,
 Are not records for thine inrouled name,
 Which shall out-live immortall Poesie,

A thousand Sirens in the worlds last age,
 Shall sing of thee, thy valure, and thy skill,
 And to their lines, lay Angells eares in gage,
 With soueraign charmes sent from a soueraigne quill ;
 Meane while, vouchsafe to grace my worke and me,
 Gracing the soule beloued of heauen and thee.

I. M.

20 The argument of the whole Tragedie.

SIR Richard *Grinuile*, lying at anchor neere vnto *Flores*, one of the westerlie Ilands of the *Azores*, the last of August in the after noone, had intelligence by one Captayne *Midelton* of the approach of a Spanish *Armada*, beeing in number fiftie three of great ships, and fiftene thousand men to man the same. Sir *Richard*, staying to recouer his men which were vpon the Iland, and displaying to flee from the Countries enemy, not beeing able to recouer himselfe, was instantlie inuironed with that huge Nation, betweene whom began a dreadfull fight, continuing the space of fiftene howers, in which conflict, Sir *Richard* funk the great *San Phillip* of *Spain*, the *Ascension* of *Siuel*, the Admirall of the *Hulks*, and other great *Armados*; about midnight Sir *Richard* receiued a wound through the bodie, and as he was in dressing, was shot againe into the head, and so died. Sir *Richard* maintayned the fight, he had not one corne of powder left, nor one whike, nor fortie lying men; which seeing, hee would haue funk his owne ship, but that was gaine-stood by the Maister thereof, who contrarie to his will came to composition with the *Spaniards*, and so saued the ships which were left aliue. Sir *Richard* dyed aboard the Admirall of *Spain*, about the fourth day after battaile, and was mightlie bewaild of all men.



¶ The most Honourable
Tragedie of Sir Richard Grin-
uile, Knight.

✻ To the fayrest.



Heauenlie fier is crope into my braine,
A heate diuine and all celestiaall,
A burning furie spreads through euery
vaine,
A turret-climbing thought maiesticall,
All these infuse a spirit-giuing raine,

into my humble wits great festiuall.

Whose reede vnpleasing hermonie hath found,
Thus to transforme her into warlike found.

f wonders, miracles, and famous chiuallrie,
f Honours Image, and of Vertues iarres,
Things past beliefe, yet pure in certaintie)
f Death dead-flaine by Death, of glorious scarres,
f mortall, made immortall Dietie,
and all containd in Valures stainelesse warres,
My homelie Muse stretching her oaten string,
Vnlearn't to thunder, mildlie meanes to sing.

Rest thee dread boy, the nights eternall Lord,
 Faire feathered *Cupid* thy *Lizmas* ioy,
 Of thy triumphant Chariot rich the stord,
 VVith bleeding hearts that breathing fighes destroy,
 Nor thee, nor of thy kingdome I record,
 Nor louers teares, nor loue, nor loues annoy.

Nor ought that in the vast world may be found
 Where teares in fighes, and fighes in teares are drown'd.

Fit subiects those for Poets golden quills,
 Such as haue trod the true *Pierias* race,
 VVhose sacred braines those numbers tun'd distills,
 VVhich giues conceit the child of heauen her grace.
 But now this flame that all my bodie fills,
 Is *Englands* weeping ioy, and *Spaynes* disgrace.

Fcarefull alarums, and the wet worlds sacke,
 Swells in my song, the Dirge for glories wracke

To thee faire Nymph, my loue, my life, my gaze,
 My soules first mouer, essence of my blisse,
 Thought-chast *Dictinna*, Natures onlie maze,
 Heauen of all what euer heauenlie is,
 More white then *Atlas* browe, or *Peleus* blaze,
 Compleat perfection which all creatures misse.

More louelie then was bright *Astioche*,
 Or *Iunos* hand-mayd sacred *Diopé*.

To thee which neuer lifts thine eyes to heauen,
 But harts of Kings are shrowd in the fame,
 Fairer then Sunne, Moone, Starres, or Planets feare
 True brand of Vertue, Honours living flame,
 O thou whom hate adors, whose praise is euen
 Matcht with the glories of the greatest name,

Thou like thy selfe, or better much by ods,
 Nere made without a Parliament of Gods.

To thee this labour of my Sunne-burnt braine,
 Ill limn'd memorials of diuineſt rage,
 I offer as oblations to detaine,
 Thy life-inſpiring fight, (my peaces gage)
 From thoſe celeftiall mirrors which remaine,
 Obiects made happie in thy lookes ſuffrage,
 Of *Grinuile*, armes and honors ſoueraigne,
 My ſower Muſe ſhapes this Nectar ſeeking ſtraine.

Euen of that man and his almightie minde,
 Boundleſſe like heauen in magnanimitie,
 Conuerting all things of what euer kinde,
 VVithin his bodie held ſocietie,
 To glad ſome ſtarres in cleereſt ſkyes aſſign'd,
 VWanting but onely true eternitie.
 Of him I ſing (*Faireſt*) but reade I pray.
 Thine eyes makes happy, all yat thine eyes ſuruiue.

And with her thou great Soueraigne of the earth,
 Onelie immatchleſſe Monarcheſſe of harts,
 From whoſe faire eyes iſſued the Muſes birth,
 Murderd by Iron-age, and barb'rous darts,
 Yeeld from thy beams plentie to my wits dearth,
 That I may ſing valures almightie parts,
 And Chronicle thoſe tropheys to thy throne,
 VVhich from this Ile, and his great ſpyrit ſhone.

And thou deare *Soule*, the portraiture of Fame,
 For whom *Ioue* made a newe fourth Hirarchie,
 Of whoſe loſt drops millions of vertues came,
 Extold in heauen beyond the third degree,
 Now giue thy ſelfe a light in this ſelfe flame,
 That thou maiſt liue beyond poſteritie ;
 And whilt I of th' vnconquered conqueſt write,
 Sit on my hand and teach me to indite.



The Tragedy of Sir Richard Grinville.



That time of years when the immortal
Sunne

Cad in the richest robes of living

Courted ye Virgin Iguac, great

Narcus Nimue.

Which becoms earth of al what

earth desires

Even in the month that from *Augusta* womne,
His sacred name which unto heauen aspires,
And on the last of his ten trebled days,
VVhen wearie labour new refresh allayes.

Then when the earth out-bran'd ye beauntious *Morne*,
Braasting his corrie Mantle fird with aire,
Which like a golden Ocean did adorne,
His cold drie carcasfe, featurelesfe, vnfaire,
Holding the naked shearers scithe in foome,
Or ought that might his borrowed pride empaine,
The soule of vertue seeing earth so ritch,
VVith his deare prefence gilds the sea as mitch.

The sea, which then was heemie, fad, and still,
Dull, vnapplyed to sportiue wantonneffe,
As if her first-borne *Venus* had beene ill,
Or *Neptune* scene the *Sonne* his loue possesse,
Or greater cares, that greatest comforts kill,
Had crowned with grieve, the worlds wet wilderneffe,
Such was the still-foote *Thetis* silent paine,
VVhose flowing teares, ebbing fell backe againe.

Netis, the mother of the pleasant springs,
 randam of all the Riuers in the world,
 o whom earths veins their moistning tribut brings,
 low with a mad disturbed passion hurld,
 bout her caue (the worlds great treasure) flings :
 nd with wreath'd armes, and long wet hairs vncurld,
 VVithin her selfe laments a losse, vnlost,
 And mones her wrongs, before her ioyes be croft.

hus whilst diuining forrowe ceaz'd her hart,
rinuile (ð melt my fpyrit in that name,)
 s sings the Swan her funerall depart,
 nd waues her wings, the ensignes of her fame,
 o he, with vertue sweetning bitter smart,
 Which from the seas long toying seruice came :
 For why, fixe Moones, and fo oft times the Sunne.
 VVas past, and had one halfe the signes ore-runne,

re he the earth, our common Mother saw ;
 ow earlie greets black *Flores* banefull Ile,
Flores, from whence afflictions selfe doth draw
 he true memorialls of a weeping stile ;)
 nd with *Caisters* Querrifiers which straw
 escant, that might Death of his darts beguile,
 He tunes saluting notes, sweeter then long,
 All which are made his last liues funerall song.

silleffe in deaths great Parliament he cals
 is fellowe mat's, and minions to his fame,
 ewes them long lookt for land, and how it brauls,
 epulping backe the billowes as they came,
 uch he triumphes, and paffed grieve for-stals
 Vith present ioy (forrow lights pleasures flame :)
 And whilst his hopes of *Happy-fortune* sings,
 Misfortune by, controls them with her wings.

Defird reliefe, and euer welcome rest,
 The elements that forme the wearie man,
 Began to hold a counsaile in his brest,
 Painting his wants by sicknes pale and wan ;
 VVith other griefes, that others force opprest,
 Aduising stay, (as what is but they can,)
 VVhilft he that fate to come, and past, nere feared
 Concludes to stay till strength decayd repaire.

Then casts he Anchor hulling on the maine,
 And all his shyps poore Cittizens recounts,
 And hundred iust were free from sicknes paine,
 Fourescore and ten death their redresse accounts,
 So that of all both sicke and sound vnflaine,
 Vnto two hundred wanting ten amounts.
 A slender armie for so great a guide,
 But vertue is vnknowne till it be tride.

Those whom their harts enabled to attempt,
 He puts a shoare to make supplie for neede ;
 Those whom long sicknes taught of death contempt,
 He visits, and from *Ioues* great Booke doth reede
 The balme which mortall poyfen doth exempt ;
 Those whom new breathing health like sucklings feed,
 Hie to the sands, and sporting on the same,
 Finde libertie, the liues best liuing flame.

Looke how a troupe of Winter-prisoned Dames,
 Pent in th' inclosure of the walled townes,
 VVelcoms the Spring, VVher to Somers flames,
 Making their pastimes in the flowrie downes,
 Whose beautious Arras wrought in natures frames,
 Through eyes admire, the hart with wonder crownes,
 So the wood-walled Cittizens at sea,
 VVelcome both Spring and Sommer in a day.

he warring byllowes, seas artillerie,
 Vith long held siege, had bruz'd their beaten keele,
 Which to repaire the most, most bufied be,
 ab'ring to cure, what want in labours feelee;
 ll pleafd with toyle, clothing extremitie
 a Hopes best robes, that hang on Fortunes wheele
 But men, are men, in ignorance of Fate,
 To alter chaunce, exceedeth humaine state.

or when the Sun, towred in heauens head,
 owne from the filuer mountaine of the skye,
 ent his bright Chariot on the glaffie bed,
 aire chriftall, guilded with his glorious eye,
 earing some vsurpation in his stead,
 least his Loue should too-long daliance spy
 Tweene him and *Virgo*, whose attractiue face,
 Had newly made him leaue the *Lyons* chafe.

a that fame myd-daies hower came fayling in,
 thought-swift-flying Pynnafe, taught by winde,
 ' outstrip in flight Times euer-flying wing;
 nd being come where Vertue was inshrinde,
 irst vaild his plumes, and wheeling in a ring,
 ith Goat-like dauncing, stays where *Grinuile* shynd,
 The whyle his great Commaunder calls the name,
 VVhich is ador'd of all that speakes the fame.

he great commaunder of this little Barke,
 Vhich like an Eglet armes the Eagles side,
 Vas *Midleton*, the ayme of Honors marke,
 hat more had prou'd then danger durst haue tride,
 ow seeing all good fortunes fun-fhine darke,
 hrife calls Sir *Richard*, who as oft replyde,
 Bidding him speake, and ring his newes aloude,
 Ill, not apald, nor good could make him proude

O then (quoth *Middleton*) thou foule of all
 VVhat euer boasts in magnanimitie,
 Thou, whorn pure Vertue her best part doth call,
 Better then valure, stronger then dietie,
 VVhom men adore, and all the gods exhall
 Into the bookes of endlesse memorie,

I bring thee tidings of a deadly fray,
 Begun in Heauen, to end vpon the Sea.

The glorious Senate of the Skyes was fet,
 And all the gods were royaliz'd in state,
 VVhen *Happy-fortune* and *Ill-fortune* met,
 Striuing who first should enter Heauens gate,
 The one made mad the others fame to let,
 Neither but stirr'd with rage to wonder at,
 Confusedly, as water-floods doe passe
 Their common bounds, such their rude entrance wa

The gods disturb'd, admire their strange aproch,
 Cenfuring their angers by their gloing eyes,
Ill-fortune was attended by *Reproch*,
Good-fortune, *Fame*, and *Vertue* stelleries ;
 One sweares the other doth her right incroch,
 VVhich is the elder house, none can deuise :
 The gods deuide, yet in the end agree
 The Fates shall iudge each others pedigree.

Good-fortune, drawes from heauen her hie descent,
 Making hie *Ioue* the roote of her large tree ;
 Shee shoves from him, how many god-heads went,
Archangells, *Angells*, heauens posteritie :
 From thence, she shoves the glorious thrird she lent,
 To *Monarks*, *Emperours*, and *Kyngs* in fee,
 Annexing as Colatteralls to her line,
Honour, *Vertue*, *Valure*, and *Endles-time*.

aithlesse, *Ill-fortune* will be elder borne,
 see faith, she springs from *Saturne*, *Ioues* wronged Sier,
 nd heauen, and earth, and hell her coate haue borne,
 resh bleeding harts within a field of fier;
 ll that the world admires, she makes her scorne,
 Vho farthest seemes, is to *Ill-fortune* nier,
 And that iust prooue may her great praise commend,
 All that *Best-chaunce* begins, *Ill-chaunce* doth end.

hus they dispute, guiding their tongues report
 Vith instances, and argumentall sawes,
Ill-fortune, bids let all the worlde resort,
 nd show within their Chronicles and lawes,
 he man whose liues-line neuer did consort,
 Vith sharpe affliction, deaths first grounded cause,
 Then will she yeeld, else, is shee victor still.
 VVorlds good is rare, perpetuall is their ill.

uen as the racket takes the balls rebound,
 o doth *Good-fortune* catch *Ill-fortunes* prooue,
 ying, she wil her in her selfe confound,
 taking her darts, Agents for her behoofe;
 ow but thine eies (quoth she) whence ha'ts abound,
 nd I will show thee vnder heauens roofe [tunes.
 Th'vnconquered man whom no mischaunce impor-
 Crown of my kingdom, deaths man to misfortunes.

t this, the casements of the skye broke ope,
 ifcouering all what's girdled in her frame,
 Vhilst *Happy-fortune* through her eyes large scope
 like a Cosmographer comments on the same;
 hree parts with praise she past and future hope,
 hen to the fourth, the VVesterne world she came,
 And there, with her eyes festrawe paints a storie,
 Stranger then strange, more glorified then glorie.

See (layd *Faire-fortune*, to her foule fhapt *Foe*)
 How on the fcouge that beates againft the Ile
 Of *Flores*, whence they curft oblations growe,
 A winde-taught capring fhipe which ayre beguiles,
 (Making poore *Cephalus* for-lorne with woe,
 Curfe arte, which made arte framed faile fuch fmile
 Richlie imbrodred with the Iems of warre,
 In thy difpight commaunds a luckey ftarre.

In that faire veflel liues my garlands flower,
Grinuile, my harts immortall arterie ;
 Of him thy deitie had neuer power,
 Nor hath hee had of grieffe one fimpathie ;
 Successe attends him, all good hap doth flower
 A golden raine of perpetuities
 Into his boffome, where mine Empire ftands,
 Murdring the Agents of thy blacke commands

Say, and fay true, (for what but thou wilt fay,)
 That euer *Grinuils* fortunes came before thee ;
 Or euer prostrate at thine Altars lay,
 Or with one wreath of Ciprefle did adore thee ?
 Proue one blacke ftorme in all his Sommers day,
 Whofe threatning clouds compeld him to implore thee
 Then wil I ftaine my milkwhite vaile with weep
 And as thine handmaide dye in forrowes keep

As wounds the lightning, yet perferues the skinne,
 So did thefe words fplit *Lucklefle-fortunes* hart,
 Her fmiling *Superficies*, lockt within
 A deepe exulcerated feftering fmart ;
 Heere fhee perceiu'd her firft difgrace begin,
 And wordlefle from the heauens takes her depart.
 Yet as fhe flew, her wings in flying cri'd
 On *Grinuile* fhall my fame and power be tride

: her departure all the heauens were glad,
 iumphing in *Ill-fortunes* banishment,
bollo set new *Anthems* as *Ioue* bad,
 Which spheare tunes made more then most excellent;
 o light in heauen but with new fier was clad,
 aking next *Ioue*, *Good-fortune* president,
 Enrowling in the Bookes of destenie,
 This memorable famous victorie.

nely the *Fa's* fu'd for her backe repeale,
 or they *Ill-fortune* lou'd exceeding well)
 any her deedes and Tropheis they reueale,
 nd all her liues blacke legend, weeping tell ;
 et all they speake, cannot in heauen preuaile,
 'hich seene, in spight they follow her to hell,
 And there inhoufed with their mother *Night*,
 All foure deuife, how heauen and earth to spight.

ence sprang the loues of *Ioue*, the *Sonnes* exile,
 he shame of *Mars* and *Venus* in a net ;
inos forsaken bed ; Saturns compile
 f frantike discontentment, which beset
 ll heauen with armes ; *Diana* hence had while
 o court her sleeping boy ; whilst *Thetis* let
 Phæbus imbrace her in her *Neptunes* stead,
 Who made complaints, breach of his bridall bed.

et not content with these disparagments,
 uch greater mischiefes issues from their minds,
 'rinuile, thy mountaine honour it augments
 Vithin their breasts, a Meteor like the winds,
 Vhich thrall'd in earth, a reeling issue rents
 ith violent motion ; and their wills combinds
 To belch their hat's, vow'd murderers of thy fame,
 Which to effect, thus they begin the same.

Fast to *Iberia* flies vntoward chaunce,
Iberia, which we vulgar Christen *Spaine*,
 Vpon whose Sunne-burnt continent doth daunce
 VVesterne *Ducallidon*, the greateſt maine,
 Thither ſhee packs, *Error* doth their aduance
 Her coale-blacke ſtanderd in the hands of paine;
 And as eſcaped from rauishment or bale,
 With falſe teares, thus ſhee tunes a falſer tale.

Great Empire (ſaid ſhee) bleſſed in thy birth,
 Beauteous created for-head of this round,
 That with thy ſmiles firſt lent to heauen mirth,
 And bout thy temples all perfections woond,
 Lodgd in th'immagin'd corners of the earth;
 Thou whom our centers Monarcheſſe art crownd,
 Attend my ſuite, baptiſd in mournfull teares,
 VVho but ere while triumphed on the ſpheares.

Nor for my ſelfe more then thine owne decay
 Which blindfold pleaſure clouds as they ariſe,
 Be gracious, and retort the domefull daye,
 VVhich thee and me to ſhame would ſacrifice.
 Loe, on the great weſt-walling boiſterous ſea,
 VVhich doth imbrace thy gold-encloſing eyes.
 Of many failes one man, of one poore Ile,
 That will my fame, and all thy faire deſile.

His numberleſſe great infinits of fame,
 Haue ſhut againſt me heauens great chriſtall dore,
 The clouds, which once my feets duſt had to name,
 Hang ore my forehead, threatning euermore
 Death to my praife, life to my infant ſhame,
 Whilſt I with ſighes mediate a new reſtore.
 And in my ſelfe behold my pleaſures paſt,
 Swimming amongſt the ioyes I cannot taſt.

n' ambrosian Nectar-filled banqueting,
 o more shall I communicate, or see,
 triumphes in heauen, *Ioues* masks, and reuelling,
 re cleene exempt, both from my ioyes and me.
 he reason, for my loue to thee I bring,
 rimming the locks with Iems of dietie,
 Making the gods a dread a fatall day,
 VVorfe then the Giants warre or Centaurs fray.

pore goddesse, rob'd of all eternall power,
 Whose broken Statues, and down razed Fan's,
 euer warm'd altars, euer forgotten hower
 Where any memorie of praise is tane,
 Vitnes my fall from great *Olympus* tower ;
 rostrate, implore blame for receiued bane,
 And dyre reuenge gainst heauens impietie,
 VVhich els in shame will make thee follow mee.

behold these robes, maps of my fortunes world,
 orme, and distaind with eye-scornd beggerie ;
 hefe rags deuide the Zones, wherein is hurld
 ly liues distemperate, hote cold miserie ;
 hefe teares are points, the scale these hairs vncurl'd,
 ly hands the compasse, woe the emperie :
 And these my plaints, true and auricular,
 Are to my Globe the perpendiculer.

ooke how I am, such art thou like to be
 armes preuent not heauens intendment,
 'rinuile, which now surfeits with dignitie,
 urd'ning the Sea with my disparagement ;
 hiding the wanton winds if greedelie
 hey kisse his failes ; or els too flowlie vent,
 Like *Ioue*, which bad the day be and it was,
 So bids he Conquest warre ; she brings to passe.

The fole incouragement he giues his power,
 Is Prophet-like prefaging of thy death,
 Courage he cries, euen in the dying hower,
 And with his words, recalls departing breath ;
 O (fayes he to his Mat's) you are my glories tower,
 Impregnable, wall'd with vnuanquifht faith,
 You are the hands and agents of my trust,
 I but the hart reuoluing what we must.

Liue Saints, til we haue ript the wombe of *Spayne*,
 And wounded *Error* in the armes of hell,
 Cruſhing the triple Myter in difdaine,
 Which on ye feauenfold mounted Witch doth dwell
 Angells rewards for fuch diffignes remaine,
 And on heauens face men ſhall your ſtories tell ;
 At this they ſhout ; as eager of the pray,
 as Ants in winter of a funne-ſhine day.

Thus like triumphant *Cæſar* drawne in Rome,
 By winged *Valure*, and vnconquered *Chaunce*,
 He plowes the Sea (ô were it made his tombe)
 VVhilt *Happy-fortune* pypes vnto his daunce.
 Yet may thy power alternat heauens doome,
 So pleaſeth thee thy forward will t'aduance,
 And cheare ye finews of thy mighty arme,
 VVhose out-ftreht force ſhall quell his proud alar

Then giue newe fuell to his honours fier,
 Leaſt ſlight regard wealth-winning *Error* ſlay,
 And ſo old *Saturns* happie world retyer,
 Making *Trueths* dungion brighter then the day ;
 VVas neuer woe could wound thy kingdom nyer,
 Or of thy borrowed beautie make diſplay,
 Because this vow in heauens booke doth remai
 That Errors death ſhall conſumate thy raigne.

ow, for my god-heads remnant liues in thee,
 Whose loft successe breeds mine eternall end,
 Make for thine ayde, afflicting *Miserie*,
 Voe, mine attendant, and *Dispayre* my freend,
 Ill three my greatest great *Triumuerie*,
 blood-bath'd *Carnifici*, which will protend
 A murdering defolation to that will,
 VVhich me in thee, and thee in mee would kill.

tere, with her fixed Comet-blazing eyes,
 He damned *Augurs* of vntimely death,
 Hee ends her tale, whilst from her harts caue flies
 storme of winds, no gentle sighing breath,
 Ill which, like euill spirits in disguise,
 Enter *Iberias* eares, and to her sayth,
 That all the substance of this damned storie,
 VVas zealous true, coynd for her *Spanish* glorie.

vorne to beleuee, for ill, in ill affies,
 Sayne then enamour'd with the *Romane* trull,
 Calls all her forces, more then Atomies,
 And tells *Ill-fortunes* storie to the full;
 Any Parenthifes shee doth deuise,
 And frost-relenting words doth choycely cull,
 Bewitching those whom oft shee had deceiued,
 VVith such like Hemlock as her selfe receiued.

He first and greatest one, commaunding all
 He foule of mischiefes old created mother,
 Was *Don Alphonso Bassan*, proud in brall,
 He Marques *Sancta Cruces* onely brother:
 Him shee coniures by typ's emperiall,
 And all that falshoods seeming trueth could couer,
 To vndertake this hie (she termed it) act,
 VVhich craues a curse of all that reads the fact.

Her selfe (shee said) and all the flowers of *Spayne*,
 Should vnder his, as heauens Ensigne warre:
 Thus from her harts foule dunghill flyes amaine
 Groffe vapours, metamorphosd to a starre;
 Her words in fumes like prodogies retaine
 His hart, by her tongues witchcraft bound so farre,
 As what shee will, that will hee vnder-take,
 Be it to warre with heauen for her sake.

The seeming Nectar of her poysoning speech,
 So well shee saw surprise his licoras fence,
 That for to reare her ill beyonds ills reach,
 VVith selfe-like tropes, decks self-like eloquence,
 Making in *Britain Dona* such a breach,
 That her arm'd wits, conqu'ring his best wits fence;
 Hé vowes with *Bassan* to defende the broile,
 VVhich men of praise, and earth of fame shal spoile

To him shee giues the *Biscaynnays* for guard,
 Mechanicall Artificers for death,
 And those which of affliction neuer hard,
 Shee tempers with the hammer of her breath:
 To euery act shee giues huge lyp-reward,
 Lawish of oathes, as falshood of her faith;
 And for the ground of her pretended right,
 T'is hate, which enuies vertue in a Knight.

These two to her fast bound in vassailage,
 Vnto the Marques *Arumburch* shee flyes,
 Him shee prouokes, him shee finds apt to rage,
 Imprisoning Pitties teares in flintie eyes;
 To him the power of *Siuill* for a gage
 Shee doth bequeath; bidding his prowesse ryse,
 And clenfe his Countries face from widowes teares
 To which he posts, like lightning from the speare

Lastly, to make vp mischiefes perfect square,
 To *Luis Cutino* shee takes her flight,
 Him shee commaunds, he to her homage fware
 To guide a Nauie to this damned fight,
 Of Hulks and Fly-boats, such as durst to dare.
 Shee giues him foueraigne rule, and publike right,
 And then vniting all foure powers in one,
 Sends them to sea, to calme *Misfortunes* mone.

And now behold (diuine for valiancie)
 Like flying Castells sayle they to this strand,
 Fiftie three faile, strong in artillarie,
 Best men of warre knowne in the *Spanish* land;
 Fifteene Armados, Kings of foueraigntie,
 VVhich led the lesser with a mightie hand:
 And these in foure battalions hither flie,
 VVith whom three dayes I saild in companie.

Then gentle *Grinuile*, *Thetis* parramoure,
 Dearer then *Venus*, Daughter of the flood,
 Set failes to wind, let not neglect deuoure
 Thy gracious fortunes and thine Angell goode,
 Cut through the maine, compell thy keele to scoure,
 No man his ill too timelie hath with-floode
 And when *Best-chaunce* shal haue repaired thy fortune,
 Time for this flight may iust reuenge importune.

Here *Midelton* did end the passing peale
 VVhich gaue the warning to a dismall end,
 And as his words last knell began to faile,
 The damned Nauie did a glimmering fend,
 By which *Sir Richard* might their power reueale,
 VVhich seeming conquerlesse, did conquests lend:
 At whose appearance *Midelton* did cry,
 See where they come, for fame and pittie flie.

This certaine story, of too certaine ill,
 Did not extinguish, but gave honor fier,
 Th' amazing prodigie, (bane of my quill.)
 Bred not astonishment, but a strong desire,
 By which this heauen-adopted Knights strong will
 Then hieft height of Fame, flew much more hie :
 And from the boundlesse greatnes of his minde
 Sends back this answer through his lips refin

Thanks hardie *Middleton* for thy dilate,
 Perswasive preface to amoyde my death,
 But if thou wed my fortunes with my state,
 This fauing health shall suffocate my breath.
 To flye from them that holds my God in hate,
 My Mistres, Countrey, me, and my sworne fayth,
 VVere to pull of the load from *Typhons* back
 And crush my selfe, with shame and seruile wi

Nor if my hart degenerate should yeeld,
 To entertaine an amorus thought of life,
 And so transport mine honour to the field,
 VVhere seeming valure dies by cowards knife,
 Yet zeale and conscience shall new forces build,
 And others foules, with my foule holdeth strife ;
 For halfe my men, and all that draw found bre
 Are gone on shore, for foode to conquer deat

If I forsake them, certaine is their end,
 If I obtaine them, doubtfull is our fall,
 Vpon my flight, shame and their facks depend,
 Vpon my stay, hope of good hap doth call,
 Equall to me, the meanest I commend ;
 Nor will I loofe, but by the losse of all :
 They are the finewes of my life and fame,
Dismembred bodies perish cripple-lame.

his fayd, he fends a cock-boate to the shore.
 › fummon backe his men vnto their ship,
 ho com'd a board, began with fome vpror
 › way their Anchors, and with care to dip
 › their hie reuolues in doubt, and euermore,
 › paint deaths vifage with a trembling lip,
 Till he that was all fearelefse, and feare flew,
 VVith Neftard words from them all dangers drew.

When *Middelton* faw *Grinuills* hie reuolue,
 ›ft hope, paff thought, paff reach of all aspire,
 nce more to moue him flie he doth refolue,
 nd to that purpofe tips his tongue with fier;
 ›ier of sweete words, that eafelie might diffolue
 nd moiften flint, though steeld in stiffe attire,
 Had not defier of wonder, praife, and fame,
 Extinkt the sparks, and still keepe dead the flame.

reater, and better then inarked he,
 Which in the worlds huge deluge did furuiue,
 ›let thy wings of magnanimitie,
 ›ot vainlie flatter, *Honour* to acchiue,
 ›ainft all conceit impossibilitie,
 ›y which thou murderst *Vertue*, keepe aliuie,
 Nor in thy seeking of diuinitie,
 Kill not heauens fame by bafe mortallitie.

› *Grinuile* thou haft red Philofophy,
 ›ature and Arte hath made thee excellent,
 ›nd what thou read'ft, hath grafted this in thee,
 ›hat to attempt hie dangers euident
 ›ithout constraint or neede, is infamie,
 ›nd honor turnes to raffnes in th'euent;
 And who fo darrs, not caring how he darrs,
 Sells vertues name, to purchase foolish flarre.

Deere Knight, thou art not forst to hazard fame
 Heauens haue lent thee meanes to scape thine i
 If thou abide, as true as is thy name,
 So truly shall thy fault, thy death fulfill :
 And as to loue the life for vertues flame,
 Is the iust act of a true noble will,

So to contemne it, and her helps exclude,
 Is basenes, rashnes, and no *Fortitude*.

He that compard mans bodie to an hoast,
 Sayd that ye hands were scouts, discouering har
 The feete, were horsemen, thundring on the coa
 The brest, and stomacke, footmen, huge in swar
 But for the head, in foueraigntie did boast,
 It Captayne was, director of alarms,

Whose rashnes, if it hazarded an ill,
 Not hee alone but all the hoast did spill.

Rash *Isadas*, the *Lacedemon* Lord,
 That naked fought against the *Theban* power,
 Although they crown'd his valure by accord,
 Yet was hee find for rashnes in that hower :
 And those which most his carelesse praise affoar
 Did most condemne what follie did deuoure ;

For in attempting, prowesse is not ment,
 But wiselie doing what we doe attempt.

Then sith t'is valure to abandon fight,
 And base to darre, where no hope is to winne,
 (Renowned man, of all renowne the light)
 Hoyst vp thy failes, delay attractks thy sinne,
 Flie from ill-boding starres with all thy might,
 Vnto thy hart let praise and pittie in.

This sayd, and more desirous much to crie,
Sir Richard stayd him, with this rich replie

Captayne, I praise thy warlike eloquence,
 And sober Axioms of Philosophie,
 But now's no time for schoole points difference,
 VVhen Deaths blacke Ensigne threatens miserie ;
 Yet for thy words found of such consequence,
 Making flight praise, and fight pale obloquie,
 Once ere I die, Ile clense my wits from rust,
 And proue my flying base, my stay most iust.

Whence shall I flie ? from refuge of my fame,
 From whom ? euen from my Countries mortall foe,
 VVhither ? but to the dungeon of my shame,
 VVhy shall I flie ? for feare of happie woe,
 VVhat end of flight ? to saue vild life by blame,
 VVho ist that flies ? *Grinuile* ? Captayne no,
 T'is *England* flies, faire Ile of happines,
 And true diuine *Elizas* holynes.

Shall then my lifes regard taynt that choyce faire ?
 First will I perrish in this liquid round,
 Neuer shall Sunne-burnt *Spanyards* tongue endear
Iberian eares with what shall me confound,
 The life I haue, I for my Mistris beare,
 Curst were that life, should it her scepter wound,
 And trebble curfed be that damned thought,
 Which in my minde hath any fayntnes wrought.

Now, for Philosophie defends thy theame,
 Euen selfe Philosophie shall arme my stile,
 Rich buskin'd *Seneca*, that did declaime,
 And first in *Rome* our tragicke pompe compile,
 Saith, *Fortitude* is that which in extreme
 And certaine hazard all base feares exile :
 It guides, faith he, the noble mind from farre,
 Through frost, and fier, to conquer honors warre.

Honie-tongd *Tullie*, Mermaid of our eares,
 Affirmes no force, can force true *Fortitude*,
 It with our bodies, no communion beares,
 The foule and spyrit, sole doth it include ;
 It is that part of honestie which reares
 The hart to heauen, and euer doth obtrude
 Faint feare, and doubt, still taking his de
 In perrills, which exceed all perrills migt

Patience, *Perseuerance*, *Greatnes*, and *StrongTr*
 These pages are to *Fortitude* their King,
Patience that suffers, and esteemeth iust
 VVhat euer woe, for vertue fortunes bring ;
Perseuerance, holds constant what we must,
Greatnes, that still effects the greatest thing,
 And armed *Trust*, which neuer can dispa
 But hopes good hap ; how euer fatall de

The Roman *Sergius*, hauing lost his hand,
 Slew with one hand foure in a single fight,
 A thing all reason euer did with-stand,
 But that bright *Fortitude* spred forth her light.
Pompey, by storme held from *th'Italian* land,
 And all his failours quaking in his fight,
 First hoisted faile, and cry'd amidst the st
 There's neede I goe, no neede to faue m

Agis that guilt the *Lacedemon* streete,
 Intending one day battaile with his foes,
 By counsaile was repeld, as thing vnmeete,
 The enemie beeing ten to one in shoes ;
 But he reply'd, Tis needfull that his feete
 VVhich many leads, should leade to many blk
 And one being good, an Armie is for ten
 Foes to religion, and known naughty me

To him that told *Dienecus*, his foes
 Couer'd the Sun with darts and armed speares,
 Hee made reply, Thy newes is ioy in woes,
 Wee'le in the shadow fight, and conquer feares.
 And from the *Polands* words my humor floes,
 I care for naught but falling of the Spheares.

Thunder afrights the Infants in the schooles,
 And threatnings are the conquerers of fooles.

As thefe, my cafe is not fo desperate,
 And yet, then thefe, my darre fhall be no leffe:
 If this in them, for fame was wondred at,
 Then this in mee, fhall my defiers exprefse;
 Neuer fhall *Greece*, nor *Rome*, nor Heathen ftate,
 with fhining honor, *Albions* fhine deprefse, [bounds,
 Though their great circuits yeelds their acts large
 Yet fhall they neuer darr for deeper wounds.

And thus refolu'd, deere *Midelton* depart,
 Seeke for thy fafetie in fome better foyle,
 Thy ftay will be no fuccour in my fmart,
 Thy loffe will make them boaft of better fpoyle.
 And be affur'd before my laft breath part,
 Ile make the Sunne, for pittie backe recoyle,
 And clothe the fea within a fcarlet pale,
 Iudge of their death which fhall my life exhale.

This fhip which now intombs my iealious foule,
 Honeftlie enuious of aspiring laude,
 Is cald *Reuenge*, the fcouge which doth controule,
 The recreants that *Errors* right applaud,
 Shall like her felfe, by name and fame enroule
 My fpyrits acts, by no *Misfortune* aw'd,
 VVithin eternall Bookes of happie deeds,
 Vpon whose notes, immortall Vertue reeds.

Say if I perrish, t'was mine honours will,
 My Countries loue, religion, and my Queene,
 And if that enuie glorie in mine ill,
 Say that I dyed, conqu'ring, vnconquered seene.
 Say fiftie three strong thyys could not fulfill,
 Gainst one poore mayden vessell their foule teene,
 But that in spight of death, or miserie,
 She fought, and foyld, and scapt captiuitie.

Replie not *Midelton*, mine eares are clofd,
 Hie in heauens for-head are my vowes ingrau'd,
 I fee the banefull Nauie now disclofd,
 Begon betime, Fate hath thy fortune sau'd;
 To me good starres were neuer yet opposd,
 Glorie hath crownd me when I glorie crau'd,
 Farwel, and say how euer be my chauce,
 My death at honours wedding learnt to daunce.

This sayd, away failes *Midelton* with speede,
 Sad, heauie, dull, and most disconfolate,
 Shedding stout manlie teares at valures deed,
 Greeuing the ruine of so great estate;
 But *Grinuile*, whose hope euer did excede,
 Making all death in daungers fortunate,
 Gan to prouide to quell this great vprore,
 Then which the like was neuer heard before.

His fights fet vp; and all things fit prepar'd,
 Low on the ballast did he couch his sick,
 Being fourskoore ten, in Deaths pale mantle snar'd,
 whose want to war did most their strong harts prick.
 The hundred, whose more sounder breaths declar'd,
 Their soules to enter Deaths gates should not stick,
 Hee with diuine words of immortall glorie,
 Makes them the wondred actors of this storie.

nothing be left vnfaid that tongue could fay,
 nor breede contempt of death, or hate or thrall,
 honors reward, fame for a famous day,
 Vnder of ears, that men halfe gods shall call ;
 And contrarie, a hopelesse certaine way,
 to a Tyrants damned fits to fall,

VVhere all defame, base thoughts, and infamie,
 Shall crowne with shame their heads eternally.

At this great thunder of his valiant speech,
 From whence the eares-eyes honors lightning felt,
 The *Spanish* Naue came within the reach
 Of Cannon shot, which equallie was delt
 On eyther side, each other to impeach ;
 Whose volleys made the pittying skyes to melt,
 Yet with their noyse, in *Grimuills* heart did frame,
 Greater desier, to conquer greater fame.

And now the sunne was past his middle way,
 Meaning more louely to his Lemans bed,
 And the noones third hower had attacht the day,
 When fiftie three gainst one were basely led ;
 All harts were fierd ; and now the deadlie fray,
 began tumultuouſlie to ouerſpread
 The ſea with fier, the Element with ſmoake
 Which gods, and monſters from their ſleepe awoake,

At foure great battailes marcht the *Spanish* hoast,
 The firſt of *Siuiſſ*, led in two great ſquares,
 Both which with courage, more then can be moſt,
 For *Richard* forſt to giue him way with cares ;
 And as the Sea-men terme it in our coaſt,
 They ſprang their luſſe, and vnder lee declares,
 Their manie forces feebled by this one,
 Whoſe thoughts, ſaue him, are rightly due to none.

And now he stands amidst the thickest throngs,
 VValld round with wooden Castels on the waue,
 Fiftie three Tygers greedie in their wrongs,
 Besiedge the princle Lion in his caue :
 Nothing fees *Grinuile* which to hope belongs,
 All things are fled that any hap could saue ;
 Bright day is darkned by incurtaind light,
 And nothing visits them but Canons night.

Then vp to heauen he lifts his loftie hart,
 And cryes, old *Salon*, I am happy made.
 All earthie thoughts cleane from his spirits part,
Vertue and *Valure* all his fences lade,
 His foes too fewe, too strong he holds his part,
 Now doth he wish for millions to inuade,
 For beeing conquerer, he would conquer all,
 Or conquerd, with immortall honour fall.

Neuer fell hayle thicker then bullets flew,
 Neuer show'rd drops faster then showing blowes,
 Liu'd all the *Woorthies*, all yet neuer knew
 So great resolute in so great certaine woes ;
 Had *Fame* told *Cæsar* what of this was true,
 His Senate-murdred spirite would haue rose,
 And with faire honors enuie wondred then,
 Curfing mortalitie in mighty men.

VVhilst thus affliction turmoyle in this brall,
 And *Grinuile* still imployd his Actor death,
 The great *San-phillip*, which all *Spayne* did call
 Th' vnauquisht ship, *Iberias* foule and faith,
 Whose mountaine hugenes more was tearmed then t
 Being twice a thousand tuns as rumor faith,
 Came rushing in, becalming *Grinuiles* failes,
 Whose courage grew, the more his fortunes fail

otlie on eyther fide was lightning fent,
 and fteeled thunder bolts dinge men to hell,
 and weldie *Phillip*, backt with millions lent,
 Vorfe cracks of thunder then on *Phaeton* fell,
 that with the dayes fier fiered the Element ;
 and why? becaufe within her ribs did dwell,
 More ftore of fhott and great artillarie,
 Then might haue feru'd the worlds great victorie.

three tire of Cannon lodg'd on eyther fide,
 and in each tire, eleuen stronglie lay,
 eight in her chafe, that fhott forth right did bide,
 and in her fterne, twice eight that howerlie play ;
 and leffe great fhott, in infinets did hide,
 all which were Agents for a difmall day.
 But poore *Reuenge*, leffe rich, and not fo great,
 Aunfwered her cuffe for cuffe, and threat for threat.

on they grapple eyther to the other,
 and doth the ban-dogge with the Martins skinne,
 and then the wombe of *Phillip* did vncover,
 eight hundred Souldiers, which the fight beginne :
 thefe board Sir *Richard*, and with thronging fmother
 the day, the ayre, the time, and neuer linne,
 But by their entrance did inftroct eight more,
 To doe the like, on each fide foure, and foure.

us in one moment was our Knight affaild,
 with one huge *Argosie*, and eight great fhips,
 that all in vaine, their powers naught prevailld,
 for the *Reuenge*, her Canon loud-dogs flaps,
 thofe bruizing teeth, fo much the *Phillip* quaild,
 that foundring in the greedie maine, he dips
 His damned bodie in his watric tombe,
 Wrapt with difhonour in the Oceans wombe.

The other eight, fighting, were likewise foild,
 And driuen perforce vnto a vild retraite,
 None durst abide, but all with shame recoild,
 VVhilst *Valures* felfe, fet *Grinuile* in her seate ;
 Onely *Don Luis Saint Iohn*, feeing spoild,
 His Countries honour by this strange defeite,
 Single encountred *Grinuile* in the fight,
 Who quicklie sent his foule to endlesse night.

George de Prunaria, a Spanish Knight,
 Euer held valiant in dispiht of fate,
 Seconded *Luis*, and with mortall might,
 VVrit on Sir *Richards* target souldiers hate,
 Till *Grinuile*, wakned with his loud rung fight,
 Dispatcht his foules course vnto *Plutos* gate ;
 And after these two, sent in post all those
 Which came within his mercie or his blowes.

By this, the funne had spred his golden locks,
 Vpon the pale green carpet of the sea,
 And opned wide the scarlet dore which locks,
 The easefull euening from the labouring day ;
 Now Night began to leape from iron Rocks,
 And whip her rustie wagon through the way,
 VVhilst all the *Spanissh* host floode maz'd in fig
 None darring to assayle a second fight.

VVhen *Don Alfonso*, Generall of the warre,
 Saw all his Nauie with one ship controld,
 He toare his hayre, and loudlie cryd from farre,
 For honour *Spanyards*, and for shame be bold ;
 Awaken Vertue, say her slumbers marre
Iberias auncient valure, and infold
 Her wondred puiffance, and her glorious deed
 In cowards habit, and ignoble weeds.

ie, that the spyrit of a fingle man,
 ould contradiēt innumerable wills,
 ie, that infinitiues of forces can,
 or may effect what one conceit fulfills ;
 Voe to the wombe, ceaselesse the teats I ban,
 hat cherisfit life, which all our liues ioyes kills ;
 VVoe to our felues, our fortunes, and our minds,
 Agast and scarred, with whistling of the winds.

ee how he triumphes in dispiight of death,
Promethean like, laden with liuing fier,
 nd in his glorie spits disdainfull breath,
 oathing the basenes of our backe retire ;
 uen now me thinke in our disgrace he saith,
 oes to your fames, why make you Fate a lyer,
 When heauen and she haue giuen into your hand,
 VVhat all the world can neuer back demand?

ay that the God of *Warre*; Father of Chivalrie,
 he *Worthies*, *Heroes*, all fam'd Conquerours,
Centours, *Gyants*, victorious *Victorie*,
 Vere all this *Grinuils* hart-sworne paramours,
 et should we fightlesse let our shyys force flie ;
 ell might we cruish his keele with rocklike powers,
 And him with them ore-whelme into the maine,
 Courage then harts, fetch honour backe againe.

ere shame, the fretting canker of the mind,
 hat fiers the face with fuell from the hart,
 earing his weapons weakenes, eft assignd
 o desperate hardines his confounding dart,
 nd now the *Spaniards* made through words stone blind,
 esperate by shame, ashamd dispaire should part,
 likedamned scritchowles, chimes to dead mens hours,
 Make vowes to fight, till fight all liues deuours.

And now the tragicke sceane of death begins,
 Acts of the night, deeds of the ouglie darke,
 VVhen Furies brands gaue light to furious fins,
 And gafflie filence gaping wounds did marke;
 Sing fadlie then my Muse (teares pittie wins)
 Yet mount thy wings beyond the mornings Larke,
 And wanting thunder, with thy lightnings might,
 Split eares that heares the dole of this sad night.

The fier of *Spaynes* pride, quencht by *Grinuils* sword,
Alfonso reinkindles with his tong,
 And sets a batelesse edge, ground by his word
 Vpon their blunt harts feebled by the strong,
 Loe animated now, they all accord,
 To die, or ende deaths conflict held so long;
 And thus resolut, too greedelie affay
 His death, like hounds that hold the Hart at bay

Blacker then night, more terrible then hell,
 Louder then thunder, sharper then *Phabus* steele,
 Vnder whose wounds the ouglie *Python* fell,
 Were bullets mantles, clowding the haplesse keele,
 The slaughtered cryes, the words the cannons tell,
 And those which make euen rocky Mountains reele,
 And thicker then in funne are Atomies,
 Flew bullets, fier, and slaughtered dead mens cries

At this remorseles Dirgie for the dead,
 The filuer Moone, dread Soueraigne of the deepe,
 That with the floods fills vp her horned head
 And by her waine the wayning ebbs doth keepe:
 Taught by the Fat's how destenie was led,
 Bids all the starres pull in their beames and weepe,
 For twas vnfit, chaft hallowed eyes should see
 Honour confounded by impietie.

en to the night she giues all foueraigne power,
 'eternall mourner for the dayes diuorce,
 ho drowned in her owne harts killing shower,
 ewes others torments with a fad remorse.
 is flintie Princeffe, ayme cryes to the hower,
 a which to looke, kinde eies no force could force.

And yet the fight, her dull hart so offended,
 That from her fight a foggie dewe descended.

ow on our Knight, raines yron, fword, and fiers,
 on wrapt in fmoke, fword bath'd in fmoking blood,
 ers, furies king, in blood and fmoke afpiers
 re confumation of all liuing good ;
 at *Grinuile*, with like Agents like expires
 is foe-mens dat's, and euermore withstood.

Th'assaults of death, and ruins of the warre,
 Hoping the splendour of some luckie starre.

n eyther fide him, still two *Gallions* lay,
 Which with continuall boardings nurst the fight,
 wo great *Armados*, howrelie plow'd their way,
 id by assaulte, made knowne repelleffe might.
 ose which could not come neere vnto the fray,
 oofe difcharg'd their volleys gainst our Knight.

And when yat one shrunk back, beat with disgrace,
 An other instantly fupply'd the place.

that their resting, restleffe him containd,
 id theyr fupplies, deny'd him to fupply :
 re *Hydra* of their mightines ordaind
 ew spoile for death, when old did wounded lie :
 it hee, *Herculian*-like one fteate retaind,
 re to triumph, or one for all to die.

Heauen had onelie lent him but one hart,
 That hart onethought, that thought no feare offmart.

And now the night grew neere her middle line,
 Youthfully lustie in her strongest age,
 VVhen one of *Spaynes* great *Gallions* did repine,
 That one should many vnto death ingage,
 And therefore with her force, halfe held diuine,
 At once euaporates her mortall rage,
 Till powerfull *Grinuile*, yeelding power a toom!
 Splyt her, and sunck her in the salt waues toom!

VVhen *Cutino*, the Hulks great Admirall,
 Saw that huge Vessell drencht within the surge,
 Enuie and shame tyered vpon his gall,
 And for reuenge a thousand meanes doth vrge :
 But *Grinuile*, perfect in destructions fall,
 His mischiefes with like miseries doth scourge,
 And renting with a shot his wooden tower,
 Made *Neptunes* liquid armes his all deuouer.

These two ore-whelm'd, *Siuills Ascention* came,
 A famous ship, well man'd, and strongly drest,
Vindicta from her Cannons mouthes doth flame,
 And more then any, our dread Knight oprest :
 Much hurt shee did, many shee wounded lame,
 And *Valurs* felfe, her valiant acts confest.
 Yet in the end, (for warre of none takes keepe
 Grinuile sunck her within the watry deepe.

An other great *Armado*, brufd and beat,
 Sunck neere *S. Michaels* road, with thought to scap
 And one that by her men more choicely fet,
 Beeing craz'd, and widow'd of her comly shape,
 Ran gainst the shore, to pay *Ill-chaunce* her debt,
 VVho defolate for defolations gape :
 Yet these confounded, were not mist at all.
 For new supplies made new the aged brall.

This while on *Grinuile* ceazed no amaze,
 No wonder, dread, nor bafe astonishment,
 But true refolue, and valurs facred blaze,
 The crowne of heauen, and ftarrie ornament
 Deckt his diuine part, and from thence did raze
 Affeets of earth, or earths intendment.

And in this broyle, as cheerefull was his fight,
 As *Ioues*, imbracing *Danae* by night.

Looke howe a wanton Bridegroome in the morne,
 Buflie labours to make glad the day,
 And at the noone, with wings of courage borne,
 Recourts his bride with dauncing and with play,
 Vntill the night which holds meane bliffe in fcorne,
 By action kills imaginations fway,
 And then, euen then, gluts and confounds his thought,
 With all the sweets, conceit or Nature wrought,

Euen fo our Knight the bridegroome vnto *Fame*,
 Toild in his battailes morning with vnrest,
 At noone triumph'd, and daunft, and made his game,
 That vertue by no death could be deprest ;
 But when the night of his loues longings came,
 Euen then his intellectuall foule confest
 All other ioyes imaginarie were
 Honour vnconquerd, heauen and earth held deare.

Thebellowing fhotte which wakened dead mensfwounds,
 As *Dorian* mufick, sweetned his cares,
 Ryuers of blood, iffuing from fountaine wounds,
 Hee pytties, but augments not with his teares,
 The flaming fier which mercileffe abounds,
 Hee not fo much as masking torches feares,
 The dolefull Eccho of the foules halfe dying,
 Quicken his courage in their banefull crying.

VVhen foule *Misfortune* howering on a Rock,
 (The stonie girdle of the *Floean* Ile,)
 Had seene this conflict, and the fearefull shock,
 VVhich all the *Spanysh* mischeifes did compile,
 And saw how conquest licklie was to mock
 The hope of *Spayne*, and fauster her exile,
 Immortall she, came downe her selfe to fight,
 And doe what else no mortall creature might.

And as she flew the midnights waking starre,
 Sad *Caslopea*, with a heauie cheare
 Pusht forth her forehead, to make known from farre,
 VVhat time the dryrie dole of earth drew neare,
 But when shee saw *Misfortune* arm'd in warre,
 VVith teares she blinds her eyes, and clouds ye ayre,
 And asks the gods, why *Fortune* fights with man?
 They say, to doe, what else no creature can.

O why should such immortall enuie dwell,
 In the inclosures of eternall mould?
 Let Gods with Gods, and men with men rebell,
 Vnequall warres t'vnequall shame is fould;
 But for this damned deede came shee from hell,
 And *Ioue* is sworne, to doe what dest'nie would,
 VVeep then my pen, the tell-tale of our woe,
 And curse the fount from whence our sorrows flow.

Now, now, *Misfortune* fronts our Knight in armes,
 And casts her venome through the *Spanysh* hoast,
 Shee salues the dead, and all the lyuing warmes
 With vitall enuie, brought from *Plutos* coast;
 Yet all in vaine, all works not *Grinuils* harmes;
 VVhich seene, shee smiles, and yet with rage imboist
 Saith to her selfe, since men are all too weake,
 Behold a goddesse shall thy lifes twine breake.

With that shee tak's a Musket in her hand,
 Lift from a dying Souldiour newlie slaine,
 And ayming where th' vnconquered Knight did stand,
 Discharg'd it through his bodie, and in twaine
 Suides the euer holie nuptiall band,
 Which twixt his soule, and worlds part shold remaine,
 Had not his hart, stronger then *Fortunes* will,
 Held life perforce to scorne *Misfortunes* ill.

The bubling wound from whence his blood distild,
 Turn'd to let fall the hallowed drops to ground,
 And like a iealous loue by riual illd,
 Dicks in the sacred moisture through the wound;
 At he, which felt deaths fatall doome fulfilld,
 Rew fiercer valiant, and did all confound,
 Was not a *Spaniard* durst aboord him rest,
 After he felt his deaths wound in his brest.

Hundreds on hundreds, dead on the maymed fall,
 Slaymed on sounde, found in them selues lye slaine,
 Left was the first that to his ship could crall,
 Or wounded, he wounds multitudes againe;
 No sacrifice, but sacrifice of all,
 Could stay his swords oblations vnto paine,
 Nor in *Phillippie*, fell for *Cæsars* death,
 Soules thicker then for *Grinuils* waisting breath.

He *Nemian* Lyon, *Aramanthian* Bore,
 He *Hircanian* Tyger, nor the *Cholcean* Bulls,
 Euer extended rage with such vpror,
 Or in their breasts mad monstrous furie lulls;
 Now might they learne, that euer learnt before,
 Wrath at our Knight, which all wrath disannulls,
 For slauish death, his hands commaunded more,
 Then Lyon, Tyger, Bull, or angrie Bore.

Had *Pompey* in *Pharfalia* held his thought,
Cæsar had neuer wept vpon his head,
 Had *Anthonie* at *Actiome* like him fought,
Augustus teares had neuer drownd him dead,
 Had braue *Renaldo*, *Grinuiles* puissance bought,
Angelica from France had neuer fled,

Nor madded *Rowland* with inconstancie,
 But rather slayne him wanting victorie,

Before a storme flewe neuer Doues so fast,
 As *Spanyards* from the furie of his fist,
 The stout *Reuenge*, about whose forlorne wast,
 Whilome so many in their moods persist,
 Now all alone, none but the scourge imbrast,
 Her foes from handie combats cleane desist;
 Yet still incircling her within their powers,
 From farre sent shot, as thick as winters showers

Anger, and *Enuie*, enemies to *Life*,
 Strong smouldring *Heate* and noisom stink of *Smoke*,
 With ouer-labouring *Toyle*, *Deaths* ouglie wife,
 These all accord with *Grinuiles* wounded stroke,
 To end his liues date by their ciuell strife,
 And him vnto a blessed state inyoke,
 But he repeld them whilst repell he might,
 Till fainting power, was tane from power to figl

Then downe he sat, and beat his manlie brest,
 Not mourning death, but want of meanes to die;
 Those which furuiu'd coragioufflie he blest,
 Making them gods for god-like victorie;
 Not full twice twentie foules aliue did rest,
 Of which the most were mangled cruellie, [the
 Yet still, whilst words could speake, or signes cou
 From death he maks eternall life to grow.

ie Maister-gunner, which beheld his eyes.
 art fier gainst death triumphant in his face,
 me to sustaine him, and with courage cryes,
 ow fares my Knight? worlds glory, martiall grace?
 ine honour, former honours ouer-flyes,
 id vnto *Heauen* and *Vertue* bids the bace;
 Cheere then thy foule, & if deaths wounding pain it,
Abr'ams faire bosome lyes to entertaine it.

aifter, he sayes, euen heers the opned dore,
 ough which my spirit bridgroume like must ride,
 nd then he bar'd his wounded brest all gore)
 o court the blessed virgine Lambe his bride,
 Whose innocence the worlds afflictions bore,
 reaming diuine blood from his sliced side,
 And to that heauen my foule with courage flies,
 Because vnconquerd, conquering it dyes.

at yet, replied the Maister once againe,
 reat vertue of our vertues, striue with Fate,
 eld not a minute vnto death, retaine
 fe like thy glorie, made to wonder at,
 his wounds recouerie well may entertaine
 double triumph to thy conquering state,
 And make thee liue immortall Angell blest,
 Pleaseth thee suffer it be searcht and drest.

escend then gentle *Grinuile* downe below,
 to my Cabin for a breathing space,
 thee there let thy Surgion stanch our woe,
 iuing recuer to thee, our wounded case,
 ur breaths, from thy breaths fountaine gently flow,
 it be dried, our currents loofe their grace:
 Then both for vs, and thee, and for the best,
 Descend, to haue thy wound bound vp and drest.

Maister, reply'd the Knight, since last the funne
 Lookt from the hieft period of the sky,
 Giuing a signall of the dayes mid noone,
 Vnto this hower of midnight, valiantly,
 From of this vpper deck I haue not runne,
 But fought, and freed, and welcomd victorie,
 Then now to giue new couert to mine head,
 VVere to reuiue our foes halfe conquered.

Thus with contrarie arguments they warre,
 Diuers in their opinions and their speech,
 One seeking means, th' other a will to darre,
 Yet both one end, and one desire reach :
 Both to keepe honour liuing, plyant are,
 Hee by his fame, and he by skilfull leach,
 At length, the Maister winnes, and hath procur
 The Knight discend, to haue his woundings cur

Downe when he was, and had display'd the port
 Through which his life was martching vp to heauen
 Albe the mortall taint all cuers retort,
 Yet was his Surgion not of hope bereuen,
 But giues him valiant speech of lifes resort,
 Sayes, longer dayes his longer fame shall euen,
 And for the meanes of his recouerie,
 He finds both arte and possibilitie.

Misfortune hearing this preface of life,
 (For what but chimes within immortall eares)
 VVithin her selfe kindles a home-bred strife,
 And for those words ye Surgions doomes day swears
 VVith that, her charg'd peece (*Atropos* keene knife,
 Again she takes, and leueld with dispairs,
 Sent a shrill bullet through the Surgions head,
 which thence, through *Grinuils* temples like was le

owne fel the Surgion, hope and helpe was reft,
 is death gaue manumition to his foule,
Isfortune fmyld, and euen then shee left
 the mournfull Ocean, mourner for this dole ;
 way shee flyes, for all was now bereft,
 with hope and helpe, for life to win deaths gole ;
 Yet *Grinuile* vnamaz'd, with constant faith,
 Laughing dispis'd the second stroke of death.

hat foole (faith he) ads to the Sea a drop,
 ends *Etna* sparks, or angry stormes his wind ?
 Who burnes the roote when lightning fiers the top ?
 Who vnto hell, can worfe then hell combind ?
 The hungry Death, thy greedy longings stop,
 hope of long life is banefull to my mind :
 Yet hate not life, but lothe captiuitie,
 Where rests no trust to purchase victorie.

hen vp he came with feeble pace againe, ing,
 strength from his blood, blood from his wounds descend-
 ies, here I liu'd, and here wil I fustaine,
 the worst of Deaths worst, by my fame defending,
 and then he fell to warre with might and maine,
 allure on death most valiantly depending,
 And thus continued aye coragiously,
 Vntill the day chaft shadowes from the sky.

it when the mornings dewie locks drunke vp
 mistie moyfture from the Oceans face,
 then might he see the source of sorrowes cup,
 mainly prefigur'd in that hatefull place :
 and all the miferies that mortals fup
 from their great Grandfire *Adams* band, difgrace ;
 For all that did incircle him, was his foe,
 And that incircled, modell of true woe.

His masts were broken, and his tackle torne,
 His vpper worke hew'd downe into the Sea,
 Naught of his ship about the sounge was borne,
 But euen leueld with the Ocean lay,
 Onely the ships foundation (yet that worne)
 Remained a trophey in that mighty fray ;

Nothing at all about the head remained,
 Either for couert, or that force maintained.

Powder for shot, was spent and wafted cleane,
 Scarce seene a corne to charge a peece withall,
 All her pykes broken, halfe of his best men slaine,
 The rest fore wounded, on Deaths Agents call,
 On th'other side, her foe in ranks remaine,
 Displaying multitudes, and store of all

VVhat euer might auail for victorie,
 Had they not wanted harts true valiancie.

When *Grinuile* saw his desperate drierie case,
 Meerely dispoyled of all successefull thought,
 Hee calls before him all within the place,
 The Maister, Maister-gunner, and them taught
 Rules of true hardiment to purchase grace;
 Showes them the end their trauailes toile had bough

How sweet it is, swift *Fame* to ouer-goe,
 How vile to diue in captiue ouerthrow.

Gallants (he faith) since three a clock last noone,
 Vntill this morning, fiteene howers by course,
 We haue maintained stout warre, and still vndoone
 Our foes assaults, and driue them to the worfe,
 Fiteene *Armados* boardings haue not wonne
 Content or ease, but beene repeld by force,

Eight hundred Cannon shot against our side,
 Haue not our harts in coward colours died.

At fifteene thousand men araungd in fight,
 And fifteene howers lent them to atchiue,
 With fifty three great ships of boundlesse might,
 And had or meanes or prowesse to contriue
 The fall of one, which mayden vertue dight,
 Capt in despight of *Spanish* force aliuē.

Then list to mee you imps of memorie,
 Borne to assume to immortalitie.

Whilooming, we vnloft keepe strong our praise,
 And make our glories, gaynours by our ends,
 Not the hope of howers (for tedious dayes
 Into our liues no longer circuite lends)
 Confound our wondred actions and assayes,
 Whereon the sweete of mortall eares depends,
 But as we liue by wills victorious,
 So let vs die victours of them and vs.

Vee that haue mercilesse cut Mercies wings,
 And muffeld pittie in deaths mistie vale,
 Let vs implore no mercie ; pittiyings,
 Let from our God, deere fauour to exhale
 Your foules to heauen, where all the Angells rings
 Renowne of vs, and our deepe tragick tale ;

Let vs that cannot liue, yet liue to dye,
 Vnthrald by men, fit tropheys for the skye.

And thus resolu'd since other meane is reft,
 Sweet Maister-gunner, split our keele in twaine,
 We cannot liue, whom hope of life hath left,
 Dying, our deaths more glorious liues retaine,
 Let not our ship, of shame and foile bereft,
 Into our foe-men for a prize remaine ;
 Sinke her, and sinking with the *Greeke* wee'le cry,
 Best not to be, or beeing soone to dye.

Scarfe had his words tane wings from his deare tong,
 But the stout Maister-gunner, euer ritch
 In heauenlie valure and repulſing wrong,
 Proud that his hands by action might mitch
 His name and nation with a worthie ſong,
 Tow'rd his hart higher then Eagles pitch,
 And instantlie indeuours to effect
Grinuils deſier, by ending Deaths defect.

But th' other Maister, and the other Mat's,
 Difented from the honour of their minds,
 And humbly praid the Knight to rue their flat's,
 VVhom miſerie to no ſuch miſcheife binds;
 To him th' aleadge great reaſons, and dilat's
 Their foes amazements, whom their valures blinds,
 And maks more eager t'entertaine a truce,
 Then they to offer words for warres excuſe.

They ſhow him diuers gallant men of might,
 VVhoſe wounds not mortall, hope gaue of recuer,
 For their ſaks fue they to diuorce this night
 Of deſperate chaunce, calld vnto Deaths black Iure,
 Their lengthned liues, their countries care might right,
 And to their Prince they might good hopes affure.
 Then quod the Captaine, (deere Knight) do not ſpill,
 The liues whom gods and Fat's feeke not to kill.

And where thou ſayſt the *Spanyards* ſhall not braue,
 T' haue tane one ſhip due to our virgin Queene,
 O know, that they, nor all the world can ſaue,
 This wounded Barke, whoſe like no age hath ſeene,
 Sixefoote ſhee leaks in hold, three ſhot beneath the wane,
 All whoſe repaire ſo inſufficient beene,
 That when the Sea ſhall angrie worke begin,
 Shee cannot chuſe but ſinke and dye therein.

sides, the wounds and brufings which ſhe beares,
 ſo ſuch, ſo manie, ſo incurable,
 ſo to remoue her from this place of feares,
 ſo force, no wit, no meane, nor man is able ;
 when ſince that peace proſtrate to vs repaires,
 ſo leſſe our felues, our felues make miſerable,
Herculeen Knight, for pittie, pittie lend,
 No fame conſiſts in wilfull deſperat end.

theſe words with emphafiſ and action ſpent,
 ſo u'd not Sir *Richard*, but inrag'd him more,
 ſo bow or yeeld, his heart would neare relent,
 ſo ſtill impungs all thought of lifes reſtore ;
 the Maſter-gunner euer doth conſent
 ſo aſt his wiſh, ſwearing in beds of gore
 Death is moſt louelie, ſweete and amiable,
 But captiu'd life for ſoulenes admirable.

the Captayne, ſeeing words could take no place,
 turns backe from them vnto the liuing few,
 expounds what pittie is, what victors grace ;
 ſo ſhews them them felues, them felues in kindnes rew,
 ſo ſaſe if they pleaſe, will kindlie them imbrace,
 ſo and they may liue, from whom warres glory grew ;
 But if they will to deſperate end conſent,
 Their guilty ſoules too late ſhall mourne repent.

the ſillie men, who fought but liuing ioyes,
 ſo ſayes to the Captaine for an honord truce,
 ſo ſe they deſire, yet no life that deſtroyes
 their wonne renownes, but ſuch as might excuſe
 their woes, their wounds, and al what els anoyes
 ſo ſauntie of laude, for other they reſuſe ;
 All which the Captaine ſwears they ſhal obtaine,
 Becauſe their foes, in doubtfull ſtates remaine.

O when Sir *Richard* saw them start aside,
 More chaynd to life then to a glorius graue,
 And those whom hee so oft in dangers tryde,
 Now trembling seeke their hatefull liues to faue.
 Sorrow and rage, shame, and his honors pride,
 Choking his soule, madly compeld him raue,
 Vntill his rage with vigor did confound
 His heaue hart, and left him in a f wound.

The Maister-gunner, likewise seeing Fate
 Bridle his fortune, and his will to die,
 With his sharpe sword fought to set ope the gate,
 By which his soule might from his body flie,
 Had not his freends perforce preferu'd his state,
 And lockt him in his Cabbin, safe to lie,
 Whilst others swarm'd where haplesse *Grinuile* lay,
 By cryes recalling life, late runne away.

In this too restless turmoile of vnrest,
 The poore *Reuenges* Maister stole awaye,
 And to the *Spanish* Admirall adrest
 The dolefull tidings of this mournfull day,
 ('The *Spanish* Admirall who then oprest,
 Houering with doubt, not daring t'end the fray,)
 And pleads for truce, with souldiour-like submission,
 Anexing to his words a straight condition.

Alfonso, willing to giue end to armes,
 For well he knew *Grinuile* would neuer yeild,
 Albe his power stoode like vnnumbred swarmes,
 Yet daring not on stricter tearmes to build,
 Hee offers all what may alay their harmes
 Safetie of liues, nor any thrall to weild,
 Free from the Gallie, prisonment, or paine,
 And safe returne vnto their soyle againe.

o this he yeelds, as well for his own fake,
 'hom desperate hazard might indamage fore,
 s for defier the famous Knight to take,
 'hom in his hart he seemed to deplore,
 nd for his valure halfe a God did make,
 xtolling him all other men before,

Admiring with an honourable hart,
 His valure, wifdome, and his Souldiours Art.

Vith peacefull newes the Maister backe returns,
 nd rings it in the liuing remnants eares,
 hey all reioyce, but *Grinuile* deadly mourns,
 le frets, he fighs, he forrowes and despaire,
 lee cries, this truce, their fame and blisse adiourns,
 lee rents his locks, and all his garments teares,
 He vowes his hands shall rent the ship in twaine
 Rather then he will *Spanish* yoke sustaine.

'he few referu'd, that life esteem'd too well,
 knowing his words were warrants for his deede,
 'nkindly left him in that monstrous hell,
 nd fled vnto *Alfonso* with greate speede.
 'o him their Chieftaines mightines they tell,
 nd how much valure on his foule doth feede,
 That if preuention, not his actions dim,
 Twill be too late to saue the ship or him.

Iaffan made proude, vnconquering t'ouer-come,
 wore the braue Knight nor ship he would not lose,
 hould all the world in a petition come :
 nd therefore of his gallants, fortie chose
 'o board Sir *Richard*, charging them be dombe
 rom threatning words, from anger, and from bloes,
 But with all kindnes, honor, and admire
 To bring him thence, to further *Fames* desire.

Sooner they boarded not the crazed Barke,
 But they beheld where speechlesse *Grinuile* lay,
 All smeard in blood, and clouded in the darke
 Contagious curtaine of Deaths tragick day;
 They wept for pittie, and yet filent marke
 VVhether his lungs sent liuing breath away,
 VVhich when they fawe in ayrie blafts to flie,
 They stru'd who first should stanch his misery.

Anon came life, and lift his eye-lids vp,
 Whilst they with teares denounce their Generals wil,
 VVhose honord minde fought to retort the cup
 Of Deaths sad poyson, well instructt to kill :
 Tells him what fame and grace his eyes might sup
 From *Bassans* kindnes, and his Surgions skill,
 Both how he lou'd him, and admir'd his fame,
 To which he sought to lend a liuing flame.

Aye mee (quoth *Grinuile*) simple men, I know
 My bodie to your Generall is a pray,
 Take it, and as you please my lymes bestow,
 For I respect it not, tis earth and clay :
 But for my minde that mightier much doth grow,
 To heauen it shall, despight of *Spanishe* sway.
 This said, ore-come with anguish and with pain
 He fwounded, and did neuer speake againe.

They tooke him vp, and to theyr Generall brought
 His mangled carkasse, but vnmaimed minde,
 Three dayes hee breath'd, yet neuer spake he ought
 Albe his foes were humble, sad, and kinde ;
 The fourth, came downe the Lambeth all foules boug
 And his pure part, from worfer parts refind,
 Bearing his spirite vp to the loftie skyes,
 Leauing his body, wonder to wonders eyes.

When *Baffan* saw the Angell-spirite fled,
 Which lent a mortall frame immortal thought,
 With pittie, grieve, and admiration led,
 He mournfully complaind what *Fat's* had wrought,
 Voe me (he cryes) but now aliue, now dead,
 It now inuincible, now captiue brought :

In this, vniust are *Fat's*, and Death declared,
 That mighty ones, no more then mean are spared.

Thou powers of heauen, rayne honour on his hearfe,
 And tune the Cherubins to sing his fame,
 Let Infants in the last age him rehearse,
 And let no more, honour be Honor's name :
 Let him that will obtaine immortal vearfe,
 Conquer the stile of *Grinuile* to the same.

For till that fire shall all the world consume,
 Shall neuer name, with *Grinuile's* name presume.

Rest then deere foule, in thine all-resting peace,
 And take my teares for tropheys to thy tombe,
 Let thy lost blood, thy vnlost fame increase,
 Let kingly eares thy praises second wombe :
 That when all tongues to all reports surcease,
 It shall thy deeds, out-liue the day of doome.

For euen Angels, in the heauens shall sing,
Grinuile vnconquerd died, still conquering.

O utinam.

FINIS.



That became of the *Reueng*
Richards death, diuers
 uerfly, but the most pro
 fufficient prooffe sayth, th
 fewe dayes after the Knig
 there arose a great storme
 VVest and North-west. that all the Fleet was
 aswell the *Ind ian* Fleet, which were then
 them, as all the rest of the *Armada*, which
 their ariuall; of vvhich fourteene sayle, tog
 the *Reuenge*, and in her two hundred *Spany*
 cast away vppon the Ile of *S. Michaels*; fo
 them to honour the buri all of that renowned
Reuenge, not suffering her to perrish alone, fo
 honour shee at chiued in her life time.



The last Fight of the REVENGE at sea.

[THE FIGHT AND CYCLONE AT THE AZORES.]

BY

Jan Huygen van Linschoten.

Linschoten, a native of Enckhuysen, a town in the north of Holland, landing on the shore of Zuyder Zee, being 'much addicted to see and traile into strange Countries:' left the Texel on 6 DECEMBER 1576 in a ship (one of a fleet of 80) for San LUCAR DE BARAMEDA, where he arrived on 25 DECEMBER; and at SEVILLE on 1 JANUARY 1577, where he found one of his brothers: the other had followed the court to Madrid.

Henry II., the King of Portugal, dying, left by will the crown of Portugal to his nephew, Philip II. of Spain. One of Linschoten's brothers, journeying towards Portugal dies at Salamanca. Having learnt Spanish, he went, in the service of a Dutch gentleman, into Portugal, and meeting his other brother at Badajos, they came to LISBON on 26 SEPTEMBER 1580. There, quitting his then service, he placed himself with a merchant, with whom he stayed for some two years.

At length he obtained a place in the suite of 40 persons of the friar Don Vincente de Fonseca, who had just accepted the Archbishopric of all the Indies from the king, for a term of four or five years. Linschoten's brother was also Pilot of the *San Salvador*, in which ship the Archbishop and his suite sailed. The fleet left Lisbon on Good Friday, 8 APRIL 1583, and separating off Madera on 15 APRIL, Linschoten's ship sighted the Indian coast on 20 SEPTEMBER following: the Archbishop making a triumphal entry into GOA on the 30th of that month. In this city, Linschoten principally resided during his stay in the East.

The Archbishop and the Viceroy having quarrelled, the former left India on 4 JANUARY 1587 to make his complaints to the King, having dismissed all his servants, his Steward excepted, and Linschoten whom he made general Clerk, throughout all India, of the *La santa Crusada*, a fund to collect money to redeem European captives in Barbary.

On 16 SEPTEMBER 1588 Linschoten learnt that the Archbishop had died on 4 AUGUST 1587, between the Azores and Portugal. Determining to return home: he obtained the situation of Factor of the Pepper on board the *Santa Cruz*, which left for Goa on 23 NOVEMBER 1588, and sighted Flores on the 22 JULY 1589; whence they were chased by 3 English ships to Terceira, where they were astounded to hear the following news:—

"That the men of the Island were all in armes, as hauing receiued aduise from *Portingall*, that Sir *Francis Drake* was in a readnes, and would come vnto those Islands. They likewise brought vs newes of the ouerthrow of the Spanish fleet before England, and that the English men had been before the gates of *Lisbone*: whereupon the King gaue vs commandement that we should put into the Island of *Tercera*, and there lie vnder the safetie of the Castle vntill we receiued further aduise what wee should doe or whether we should saile: for that they thought it too dangerous for vs to goe to *Lisbone*. Those newes put our fleet in great feare, and made vs looke upon each other not knowing what to say." p. 179. *Ed.* 1598.

Linschoten, continuing his diary while on shore at Terceira, gives us the account here reprinted of the Fight off Flores, 70 miles distant:—

At length, in DECEMBER 1591, he was able to leave the Western Isles in a *Flushing*, and safely arrived at Lisbon on 2 JANUARY 1592. On 22 JULY following, he left Sentuval in a fleet of Dutch ships, and finally reached his home at Enckhuysen on 3 SEPTEMBER 1592: 'where I founde my mother, brother and sister all living, and in good health, it being 12 years, 9½ months after my departure from thence.'

[THE FIGHT AND CYCLONE AT THE AZOR



The 25. of August [1591], ye *Armada* comming out of *ariued* in *Tercera*, being in a ships : Biskaies, Portingals and iards, and 10. Dutch flieboat were arested in *Lisbone* to ye king, besides other smal *Pataxos*, yat came to serue as fengers from place to place, and to discouer the This nauie came to stay for, and conuoy the ship thold come from the Spanish *Indies*, and the flie- were apointed in their retorne home, to take i goods yat were saued in ye lost ship yat came *Malacca*, and to conuoy it to *Lisbon*.

The 13. of September the saide Armado ariue the Island of *Coruo*, where the Englishmen with fixteene shippes as then lay, staying for the Sp Fleete : whereof some or the most parte were and there the English were in good hope to haue them. But when they perceyued the kings Ar be strong, the Admirall being the Lorde *T. Howard*, commaunded his Fleete not to fall them, nor any of them once to seperate their fl from him, vnlesse he gaue commission so to doe withstanding the Vice Admirall Sir *Rychard Gre* being in the ship called the *Reuenge* went in Spanish fleete, and shot among them, doing them hurte, and thinking the rest of the company haue followed : which they did not, but left him and sayled away : the cause why could not be kn which the Spaniardes perceining, with seuen or shippes they borded her, but she withstood the

ghting with them at the least 12. houres together, and funke two of them, one being a newe double Flie boat of 1200. tunnes, and Admirall of the Flie boates, the other a Biscaine: But in the ende by reason of the number that came vppon her she was taken, but by their great losse: for they had lost in fighting, and by drowning aboue 400. men, and of the English were slaine about a hundred, Sir *Rychard Greenfield* himselfe being wounded in his braine, whereof afterwardees hee dyed. He was borne into the ship called the *Saint Paule*, wherein was the Admirall of the fleet *Don Alonso de Barzan*: there his woundes were drest by the Spanish Surgeons, but *Don Alonso* himselfe would neither see him, nor speake with him: all the rest of the Captaines and Gentlemen went to visite hym, and to comfort him at his hard fortune, wondring at his courage, and stout hart, for that he shewed not any signe of faintnes nor hanging of colour. But feeling the hower of death to approach, hee spake these wordes in Spanish, and said: Here die I *Richard Greenfield*, with a ioyfull and quiet mind, for that I haue ended my life as a true soldier ought to do, yat hath fought for his counrey, Queene, religion, and honor, whereby my soule most ioyfull departeth out of this bodie, and shall waies leaue behinde it an euerlasting fame of a valiant and true soldier, that hath done his dutie, as he was bound to doe. When he had finished these or such other like words, hee gaue vp the Ghost, with great and stout courage, and no man could perceiue any true signe of euinesse in him.

This Sir *Richard Greenfield* was a great and a rich gentleman in *England*, and had great yearely reuenues of his owne inheritance: but he was a man very vnquiet in his minde, and greatly affected to warre: in so much as of his owne priuate motion hee offered his seruice to the Queene, he had performed many valiant actes, and was greatlie feared in these Islands, and knowne of euery man, but of nature very seuer.

so that his owne people hated him for his perr
and spake verie hardly of him: for when they
entred into the Fleete or Armado, they had their
fayle in a readinesse, and might possiblie enough
fayled away: for it was one of the best ships for
in England, and the Master perceiuing that the
shippes had left them, and followed not after,
manded the great fayle to be cut, that they
make away: but Sir *Richard Greenefield* threatned
him, and all the rest that were in the ship, that
man laid hand vppon it, he would cause him
hanged, and so by that occasion they were com
to fight, and in the end were taken.

He was of so hard a complection, that as he
tinued among the Spanish Captaines while they
at dinner or supper with him, he would carouse
or foure glasses of wine, and in a brauerie take
glasses betweene his teeth and crash them in p
and swallow them downe, so that often times the
ran out of his mouth without any harime at all
him, and this was told me by diuers credible pe
that many times stoode and behelde him.

The English men that were left in the ship, &
captaine of the souldiers, the Master and others
disperfed into diuers of the Spanish ships that
taken them, where there had almost a new fight
betweene the Biscaines and the Portingales:
each of them would haue the honour to haue
borded her, so that there grew a great noife and
rell among them, one taking the chiefe ancient
the other the flagge, and the Captaine and euerie
held his owne.

The ships that had borded her were altogethe
of order, and broken, and many of their men
whereby they were compelled to come into the I
of *Tercera*, there to repaire themselues: where
ariued, I and my chamber fellow, to heare
newes went aboard on[e] one of the ships being a

ie, and one of the twelue Apostles, whose Cap-
 was called *Bertandono*, that had bin Generall of
ycaynes in the fleete that went for England [*i.e.*
 8]. Hee seeing vs called vs vp into the gallerie,
 with great curtesie hee receiued vs, beeing as
 at dinner with the English Captain that fate
 1, and had on a sute of blacke veluet, but he
 not tell vs any thing, for that he could speake
 ner language, but English and Latine, which
adano also could a little speake.

English Captaine got licence of the gouernour
 he might come on land with his weapon by his
 and was in our lodging with the Englishman that
 ept prisoner in the Iland, being of that ship
 the saylers got away, as I said before. The
 our of *Tercera* bad him to dinner, and shewed
 eat curtesie. The Master likewise with licence
tandano came on land, and was in our lodging,
 and at the least ten or twelue woundes, as well
 head, as on his body, whereof after that being
 betweene *Lisbone* and the Ilands he died. The
 ne wrote a letter, wherein he declared all the
 r of the fight, and left it with the English Mar-
 that lay in our lodging, to send it to the Lord
 al of England. This English Captaine comming
isbone, was there well receiued, and not any hurt
 unto him, but with good conuoy sent to *Sentuuall*,
 om thence sayled vnto England, with all the rest
 Englishmen that were taken prisoners.

Spanish armie [*i.e.* Armado] staid at the Iland
uo till the last of September, to assemble the rest
 fleet together; which in the end were to the
 r of 140. saile of ships, partly comming from
 and partly of the Army [*i.e.* Armado], and
 altogether ready vnto saile in *Tercera* in good
 ny, there sodainely rose so hard and cruell a
 , that those of the Island did affirme, that in
 memorie there was neuer any such seen or heard

of before: for it seemed the sea would haue swallowed vp the Islands, the water mounting higher than the Clifles, which are so high that it amaseth a man to beholde them: but the sea reached aboue them, and liuing fishes were throwne vpon the land. The storme continued not only a day or two with one wind but seauen or eight dayes continually, the wind turning round about, in all places of the compasse, at the least twice or thrice during that time, and alike, with a continuall storme and tempest most terrible to behold, euen to vs that were on shore, much more then to such as were at sea: so that only of the coastes and Clifles of the Iland of *Tercera*, there were aboue twelue ships cast away, and not only vpon the one side, but round about it in euery corner wherby nothing els was heard but complayning, crying lamenting, and telling here is a shippe broken in peeces against the Clifles, and there another, and all the men drowned: so that for the space of 20. days after the storme, they did nothing els but fish for dead men, that continually came driuing on the shore.

Among the rest was the English ship called the *Reuenge*, that was cast away vpon a Cliffe nere to the Iland of *Tercera*, where it brake in a hundred peeces and sunke to the ground, hauing in her 70. men gallegos, Biscaines, and others, with some of the captiue Englishmen, whereof but one was saued that got vp vpon the Clifles aliue, and had his body and head all wounded, and hee being on shore brought vs the newes, desiring to be shriuen, and thervpon presently died. The *Reuenge* had in her diuers faire brasse peeces, that were all sunke in the sea, which they of the Iland were in good hope to waigh vp againe.

On the other Islandes the losse was no lesse then in *Tercera*: for on the Iland of *Saint George* there were two ships cast away: on the Iland of *Pico* two shippes, on the Iland *Gratiofa* three ships, and besides those

were came euerie where round about diuers peeces of
 broken ships, and other things fleeting towards the
 lands, wherewith the sea was all couered most pitt-
 ull to behold. On the Island of *S. Michael*, there
 were foure ships cast away, and betweene *Tercera* and
Michaels, three more were sunke, which were seene
 and heard to crie out, wherof not one man was saued.
 The rest put into sea without Mafts, all torne and
 rent: so that of the whole Fleete and Armado, being
 40. ships in al, there were but 32. or 33. ariued in
Paine and *Portingall*, yea and those few with so great
 miserie, paine and labor, that not two of them ariued
 here together, but this day one, and tomorrow an-
 other, next day the third, and so one after the other
 by ye number aforesaid. All the rest were cast away
 upon the Islands, and ouerwhelmed in the sea: whereby
 may bee considered what great losse and hinderance
 they receaued at that time: for by many mens iudge-
 mentes it was esteemed to be much more then was
 lost by their armie [*i.e.* Armado] that came for Eng-
 land, and it may well bee thought, and presumed, that
 it was no other than a iust plague purposely sent by
 God vpon the *Spaniards*, and that it might truly bee
 said, the taking of the *Reuenge* was iustlie reuenged
 vpon them, and not by the might or force of man,
 but by the power of God, as some of them openly said
 of the Isle of *Tercera*, that they beleued verily God
 would consume them, and that hee tooke part with
 Lutheranes and Heretickes: saying further yat so soone
 as they had throwne the dead bodie of the Vicead-
 mirall Sir *Richard Greenfield* ouer borde, they verily
 thought that as he had a deuillish faith and religion,
 and therefore ye deuils loued him, so hee presently
 sunke into the bottome of the sea, and downe into
 hell, where he raysed vp all the deuilles to the reuenge
 of his death: and that they brought so great stormes
 and tormentes vpon the *Spaniards*, because they onely
 maintained the Catholike and Romish religion: such

and the like blasphemies against God, they ceased openly to vtter, without that any man reprobud therein, nor for their false opinions, but the most of them rather said and affirmed, that of truth it needes be so.

As one of those Indian Fleetes put out of *Spaigna*, there were 35. of them by storme and pest cast away and drowned in the sea, being 50. all, so that but 15. escaped. Of the fleete that came from *Santo Domingo*, there were 14. cast away, come out of the channell of *Hauana*, whereof the Admirall and Viceadmirall were two of them: and from *Firma* in *India*, there came two shippes laden with gold and siluer, that were taken by the English and before the Spanish Armie [Armado] came to *Coruo*, the Englishmen at times had taken at the 20. shippes, that came from *S. Domingo, India, Persia, &c.* and all sent into *England*. Whereby it plainly appeareth, that in ye end God wil assuredly punish the Spaniards, hauing already blinded them, so that they haue not the sence to perceiue it, but still remain in their obstinate opinions: but it is lost labour to strue against God, and to trust in man, as be the foundations erected vpon the sands, which with wind are blown down, and ouerthrowen, as we see before our eyes, and now not long since in many places haue euidently obserued: and therefore euery man but looke into his owne actions, and our Low countries for an example, wherein we but blame our owne finnes and wickednesse, we doth so blind vs, that wee wholly forget and reiect benefites of God, continuing the seruantes and yslaves of Sathan. God of his mercie open our eyes and hearts, that wee may know our onely health fauour Iesus Christ, who onely can helpe, gouerne and preferue vs, and give us a happie ende in all affaires. fol. 192-4.

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W. OLPHYS. It contains many pretty observations, examples, characters and fragments of poetry for those times, now nowhere else to be met with Sir WALTER RALEIGH, liv. Ed. 1736.

O. GILCHRIST. On many accounts one of the most curious and entertaining, and intrinsically one of the most valuable books of the age of Queen ELIZABETH. The copious intermixture of contemporary anecdote, traditional manners, opinions, and the numerous specimens of coeval poetry nowhere preserved, contribute to form a volume of infinite amusement, curiosity, and value.—*Censura Literaria*, i. 339. Ed. 1805.

This is still also an important book on Rhetoric and the Figures of Speech.

16. JAMES HOWELL,

Member of the Council to CHARLES I.; afterwards Historiographer to CHARLES II.

Instructions for Foreign Travel. 1642.

Instructions for forreine travell. Shewing by what cours, and what compasse of time, one may take an exact Survey of the Kingdomes and States of Christendome, and arrive to the practical wledge of the Languages, to good purpose.

See MURRAY, BEDEKER, and *Practical Guide to the Grand Tour* Europe, which, at that time, was considered the finishing touch to the complete education of an English Gentleman.

The route sketched out by this delightfully quaint Writer, is France, Italy, Switzerland, Germany, the Netherlands, and Holland. The allowed is 3 years and 4 months: the months to be spent in travelling, and years in residence at the different cities.

17. NICHOLAS UDALL,

Master, first of Eton College, then of Westminster School.

Roister Doister. [1553-1566.]

It is believed to be the first true English Comedy that ever came to the world on the unique copy, which wants a title-page, now at Eton College; which is thought to have been printed in 1566.

Dramatis Personæ.

ALPH ROISTER DOISTER.

ATTHEW MERRYGREEK.

WIN GOODLUCK, affianced to Dame CUSTANCE.

ISTRAM TRUSTY, his friend.

IBINET DOUGHTY, "boy" to ROISTER DOISTER.

IM TRUEPENNY, servant to Dame CUSTANCE.

ISURESBY, servant to GOODLUCK.

reducer.

supra.

IME CHRISTIAN CUSTANCE, a widow.

ARGERY MUMBLECRUST, her *supra.*

BET TALKAPACE } her maidens.

INOT ALYFACE }

18. A Monk of Evesham,

The Revelation, &c. 1186[1410]. 1485.

Here begynneth a marvellous reuelacion that was schewyd in myghty god by sent Nicholas to a monke of Euyshamme yn days of Kyng Richard the fyrst. And the yere of oure lord, C.Lxxxvi.

One of the rarest of English books printed by one of the earliest of English printers, WILLIAM DE MACLINIA; who printed this text about 1485, in the time of CAXTON.

The essence of the story is as old as it professes to be; but contains later notions, the orthography, being of about 1410. It is very devoutly written, contains a curious Vision of Purgatory.

The writer is a prototype of BUNYAN; and his description of the Gate in Crystal Wall of Heaven, and of the solemn and marvellously sweet of the Bells of Heaven that came to him through it, is very stiful.

19. JAMES I.

A Counterblast to Tobacco. 1604.

(a) *The Essays of a Prentise, in the Divine Art of Poesie.*

Printed while JAMES VI. of Scotland, at Edinburgh in 1585; and included *As a Short treatise, containing some Reulis and Cautelis to be obseruit & eschewit in Scottis Poesie*, which is another very early piece of poetic Criticism.

(b) *A Counterblaste to Tobacco.* 1604.

To this text has been added a full account of the *Introduction and Use of Tobacco in England*. The herb first came into use in Europe as medicinal leaf for poultices: smoking it was afterwards learnt from the American Indians.

Our Royal Author thus sums up his opinion:—

"A custome lothsome to the eye, hateful to the nose, harmefull to the braine, dangerous to the lungs, and in the blacke stinking fume there nearest resembling the horrible Stigian smoke of the pit that is bottomles"

20. Sir ROBERT NAUNTON,

Master of the Court of Wards.

Fragmenta Regalia. 1653.

Fragmenta Regalia: or Observations on the late Queen ELIZABETH, her Times and Favourites. [1630.]

Naunton writes:—

"And thus I have delivered up this my poor Essay; a little Draught this great Princess, and her Times, with the Servants of her State to favour."

21. THOMAS WATSON,

Londoner, Student-at-Law.

Poems. 1582-1593.

(a) *The 'Εκατομπαθια or Passionate Centurie of Loue.*

Divided into two parts: whereof, the first expresseth Author's sufferance in Loue: the latter, his long farewell to Loue and all his tyrannie. 1582.

(b) *MELIBCEUS, Sive Ecloga in obitum Honoratissimi P. Domini FRANCISCI WALSINGHAMI.* 1590.

(c) *The same translated into English, by the Author.* 1590

(d) *The Tears of Fancie, or Loue disdained.* 1593.

From the unique copy, wanting Sonnets 9-16, in the possession of CHRISTIE MILLER, Esq., of Britwell.

2. WILLIAM HABINGTON,

Castara. 1640.

TARA. *The third Edition. Corrected and augmented.*

ARA was Lady Lucy HERBERT, the youngest child of the first Duke of Devonshire; and these Poems were chiefly marks of affection during a pure and happy marriage. With these, are also Songs of various kinds, especially those referring to the Hon. GEORGE TALBOT. In addition to these Poems, there are four prose Characters; on *A Nobleman*, *A Wife*, *A Friend*, and *The Holy Man*.

23. ROGER ASCHAM,

The Schoolmaster. 1570.

*Scholemaster, or plane and perfitte way of teaching
how to understand, write, and speake, in Latin tong, but
yet purposed for the priuate brynging up of youth in gentle-
lyd Noble mens houses, &c.*

This celebrated Work contains the story of Lady JANE GREY's delight in reading PLATO, an attack on the Italianated Englishman of the time, and other information not specified in the above title. ASCHAM gives us very fully his plan of studying Languages, which is described as *the double translation of a model book*.

24. HENRY HOWARD,

Earl of SURREY.

Sir THOMAS WYATT.

NICHOLAS GRIMALD.

Lord VAUX.

Tottel's Miscellany. 5 June, 1557.

*Poems and Sonettes, written by the right honourable Lorde
of HOWARD late Earle of SURREY, and other.*

39 additional Poems from the second edition by the same printer,
D TOTTIEL, of 31 July, 1557.

This celebrated Collection is the First of our Poetical Miscellanies, and
its first appearance in print of any considerable number of English

is in his *Address to the Reader*, says:—

“: to haue wel written in verse, yea and in small parcelles, deserueth
praise, the workes of diuers Latines, Italians, and other, doe proue
very. That our tong is able in that kynde to do as praiseworthy as
the honorable stile of the noble earle of Surrey, and the weightinesse
bewittnesse Sir Thomas Wyat the elders verse, with seuerall graces in
good Englishe writers, doe show abundantly.”

25. Rev. THOMAS LEVER,

Fellow and Preacher of St. John's College, Cambridge.

Sermons. 1550.

(a) *A fruitfull Sermon in Pauls church at London i Shroudes.*(b) *A Sermon preached the fourth Sunday in Lent befor Kynges Maiestie, and his honourable Counsell.*(c) *A Sermon preached at Pauls Crosse. 1550.*

These Sermons are reprinted from the original editions, which extreme rarity. They throw much light on the communistic theories Norfolk rebels; and the one at Paul's Cross contains a curious a of Cambridge University life in the reign of EDWARD VI.

26. WILLIAM WEBBE,

Graduate.

A Discourse of English Poetry. 1586.

A Discourse of English Poetrie. Together with the As judgement, touching the reformation of our English Verse.

Another of the early pieces of Poetical Criticism, written in the 3 which SHAKESPEARE is supposed to have left Stratford for London.

Only two copies of this Work are known, one of these was sold for ;

This Work should be read with STANVHURST'S *Translation of A. I.-IV.*, 1582, see p. 64. WEBBE was an advocate of English Hexan and here translates VIRGIL'S first two Eglogues into them. He also lates into Sapphics COLIN'S Song in the Fourth Eglogue of SPK *Shepherd's Calendar.*

27. FRANCIS BACON.

afterwards Lord VERULAM Viscount ST. ALBANS.

A Harmony of the Essays, &c. 1597-1626.

And after my manner, I alter ever, when I add. So that not finished, till all be finished.—SIR FRANCIS BACON, 27 Feb., 1610-11.

(a) *Essays, Religious Meditations, and Places of persv and dissuasion. 1597.*(b) *The Writings of Sir FRANCIS BACON Knight the 1 Sollicitor General in Morallitie, Policie, Historie.*(c) *The Essaies of Sir FRANCIS BACON Knight, the . Solliciter Generall.*(d) *The Essayes or Counsell, Civill and Morall of FR Lord VERULAM, Viscount ST. ALBAN. 1625.*

WILLIAM ROY. JEROME BARLOW.

Franciscan Friars.

Read me, and be not wroth! [1528.]

- (a) *Rede me and be nott wrothe,
For I saye no thyngs but trothe.
I will ascende makynge my state so hye,
That my pouspous honoure shall never dye.
O Caytife when thou thynkest least of all,
With confusion thou shalt have a fall.*

is the famous satire on Cardinal WOLSEY, and is the First English *stant* book ever printed, not being a portion of Holy Scripture. See for the Fifth such book.

next two pieces form one book, printed by HANS LUFT, at Marburg, 150.

(b) *A proper dyalog, betwene a Gentillman and a husband-
eche complaynyng to other their miserable calamite, through
mbicion of the clergy.*

*A compendious old treatyse, shewynge, how that we ought
we the scripture in Englysshe.*

Sir WALTER RALEIGH. GERVASE
ARKHAM. J. H. VAN LINSCHOTEN.

The Last Fight of the "Revenge." 1591.

(a) *A Report of the truth of the fight about the Iles of Acores,
last la Sommer. Betwixt the REUËNGE, one of her
esties Shippes, and an ARMADA of the King of Spaine.*

[By Sir W. RALEIGH.]

(b) *The most honorable Tragedie of Sir RICHARD GRINUILE,
ght. 1595.*

[By GERVASE MARKHAM.]

(c) *[The Fight and Cyclone at the Azores.*

[By JAV HUYGHEN VAN LINSCHOTEN.]

veral accounts are here given of one of the most extraordinary Sea
in our Naval History.

30. BARNABE GOOGE.

Eglogues, Epitaphs, and Sonnets. 1563.

*glogs, Epitaphes, and Sonettes Newly written by BARNABE
GOGE.*

ree copies only known. Reprinted from the *Huth* copy.

the prefatory *Notes of the Life and Writings of B. GOOGE*, will be
1 an account of the trouble he had in winning MARY DARELL for his

new Literature generally begins with imitations and translations.
n this book first appeared, Translations were all the rage among the
ing England" of the day. This Collection of *original* Occasional
e is therefore the more noticeable. The Introduction gives a glimpse
e principal Writers of the time, such as the Authors of the *Mirror for
istrates*, the Translators of SENECA's *Tragedies*, etc., and including
names as BALDWIN, BAVANDE, BLUNDESTON, NEVILLE, NORTH,
TON, SACKVILLE, and YELVERTON.

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the Beggars**
5. [*Rev.* JOHN UDALL.] **Diotrephes. . .**
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to the People of England . . .**
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pages. Six Facsimile Maps. 2 Vols. 1**

The English Scholar's Library. 21

1. William Caxton,

our first Printer.

Translation of **REYNARD THE FOX.** 1481.

[COLOPHON.] *I have not added ne mynussed but have showed as nyghe as I can my cople which was in dutche | and by WILLIAM CAXTON translated in to this rude and symple glyssh in th[e] abbey of westmestre.*

Interesting for its own sake; but especially as being translated as well as written by CAXTON, who finished the printing on 6 June, 1481.

The Story is the History of the Three fraudulent Escapes of the Fox in punishment, the record of the Defeat of Justice by flattering lips and honourable deeds. It also shows the struggle between the power of words and the power of Blows, a conflict between Mind and Matter. It is necessary for the physically weak to have Eloquence: the blame of REYNARD is in the frightful misuse he makes of it.

The author says, "There is in the world much seed left of the Fox, which now over all groweth and cometh sore up, though they have no red wards."

2. John Knox,

the Scotch Reformer.

THE FIRST BLAST OF THE TRUMPET, &c.
1558.

(a) *The First Blast of a Trumpet against the monstrous Regiment of Women.*

(b) *The Propositions to be entreated in the Second BLAST.*

This work was wrung out of the heart of JOHN KNOX, while, at Dieppe, he heard of the martyr fires of England, and was anguished thereby. At that moment the liberties of Great Britain, and therein the hopes of the whole World, lay in the laps of four women—MARY of Loraine, the Regent of Scotland; her daughter MARY (the Queen of Scots); Queen MARY UDOR; and the Princess ELIZABETH. The Volume was printed at Geneva.

(c) KNOX's *apologetical Defence of his FIRST BLAST, &c., to Queen ELIZABETH.* 1559.

3. Clement Robinson,

and divers others.

A HANDFUL OF PLEASANT DELIGHTS.
1584.

A Handful of pleasant delites, Containing sundrie new Sonets & delectable Histories, in diuers kindes of Meeter. Newly revised to the newest tunes that are now in vse, to be sung: erie Sonet orderly pointed to his proper Tune. With new additions of certain Songs, to verie late devised Notes, not commonly knownen, nor used heretofore.

OPHELIA quotes from *A Nosegale, &c.*, in this Poetical Miscellany; of which only one copy is now known.

It also contains the earliest text extant of the *Ladie Greensleeves*, which appeared four years previously.

This is the Third printed Poetical Miscellany in our language.

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4. [Simon Fish,
of Gray's Inn.]

A SUPPLICATION FOR THE BEGGARS. [1529.]

A Supplicacyon for the Beggars.

Stated by J. Fox to have been distributed in the streets of London at Candlemas Day [8 Feb., 1529].

This is the Fifth Protestant book (not being a portion of Holy Scriptures) that was printed in the English Language.

The authorship of this anonymous tract, is fixed by a passage in Sir T. More's *Apology*, of 1533, quoted in the Introduction.

5. [Rev. John Udall,
Minister at Kingston on Thames.]

DIOTREPHES. [1588.]

The state of the Church of Englande, laid open in a conference betwene DIOTREPHES a Byshopp, TERTULLUS a Papiste, DI METRIUS an usurer, PANDOCCHUS an Innkeeper, and PAULE preacher of the word of God.

This is the forerunning tract of the *MARTIN MARPRELATE Controversy*. For the production of it, ROBERT WALDEGRAVE, the printer, was ruined; and so became available for the printing of the Martinist invective. The scene of the Dialogue is in PANDOCCHUS's Inn, which is in a post-town on the high road from London to Edinburgh.

6. [?]

THE RETURN FROM PARNASSUS.

[Acted 1602.] 1606.

The Returne from Parnassus: or The Scourge of Simon. Publickely acted by the Students in Saint Iohns Colledge Cambridge.

This play, written by a University man in December, 1601, brings WILLIAM KEMP and RICHARD BURBAGE on to the Stage, and makes the speak thus:

"KEMP. Few of the vniuersity pen plaies well, they smell too much thatt writer *Ouid* and that writer *Metamorphosis*, and talke too much *Proserpine* and *Iuppiter*. Why herces our fellow *Shakespeare* puts the all downe, I [*Ay*] and *Ben Ionson* too. O that *Ben Ionson* is a penitt fellow, he brought vp *Horace* giuing the Poets a pill, but our fellow *Shakespeare* hath given him a purge that made him beray his credit:

"BURBAGE. It's a shrewd fellow indeed:"

What this controversy between SHAKESPEARE and JONSON was, has as yet been cleared up. It was evidently recent, when (in Dec., 1601) it play was written.

7. Thomas Decker,

The Dramatist.

THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS OF
LONDON, &c. 1606.

The seven deadly Sinnes of London: drawn in seven severall Coaches, through the seven severall Gates of the Citie, bringing the Plague with them.

A prose Allegorical Satire, giving a most vivid picture of London life, in October, 1606.

The seven sins are—

FRAUDULENT BANKRUPTCY.

LYING.

CANDLELIGHT (*Deeds of Darkness*).

SLOTH.

APISHNESS (*Changes of Fashion*).

SHAVING (*Cheating*), and CRUELTY.

Their chariots, drivers, pages, attendants, and followers, are all allegorically described.

8. *The Editor.*

AN INTRODUCTORY SKETCH TO THE
MARTIN MARPRELATE CONTROVERSY.

1588-1590.

(a) *The general Episcopal Administration, Censorship, &c.*

(b) *The Origin of the Controversy.*

(c) *Depositions and Examinations.*

(d) *State Documents.*

(e) *The Brief held by Sir JOHN PUCKERING, against the Martinists.*

The REV. J. UDALL (who was, however, *not* a Martinist); Mrs. CRANE, of Molesey, Rev. J. PENRY, Sir R. KNIGHTLEY, of Fawsley, near Northampton; HUMPHREY NEWMAN, the London cobbler; JOHN HALES, Esq., of Coventry; Mr. and Mrs. WEEKSTON, of Wolston; JOE THROCKMORTON, Esq.; HENRY SHARPE, bookbinder of Northampton, and the four printers.

(f) *Miscellaneous Information.*

(g) *Who were the Writers who wrote under the name of MARTIN MARPRELATE?*

9. [Rev. John Udall,

Minister at Kingston on Thames.]

A DEMONSTRATION OF DISCIPLINE. 1588.

A Demonstration of the trueth of that discipline which CHRISTE hath prescribed in his worde for the gouvernement of his Church, in all times and places, until the ende of the worlde.

Printed with the secret Martinist press, at East Molesey, near Hampton Court, in July, 1588; and secretly distributed with the *Epitome* in the following November.

For this Work, UDALL lingered to death in prison.

It is perhaps the most complete argument, in our language, for Presbyterian Puritanism, as it was then understood. Its author asserted for it, the infallibility of a Divine Logic; but two generations had not passed away, before (under the teachings of Experience) much of this Church Polity had been discarded.

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10. Richard Stanyhurst,

the Irish Historian.

Translation of ÆNEID I.-IV. 1582.

These first foure Bookes of VIRGIL his Æneis translated in English herovical [i.e., hexameter] verse by RICHARD STANYHURST, wyth oother Polittical diuises theretoo annexed.

Imprinted at Leiden in Holland by IOHN PATES, A M.D.LXXXII.

This is one of the oddest and most grotesque books in the English language; and having been printed in Flanders, the original Edition *extreme* rarity.

The present text is, by the kindness of Lord ASHBURNHAM and CHRISTIE-MILLER, Esq., reprinted from the only two copies known, one of which is quite perfect.

GABRIEL HARVEY desired to be epitaphed, *The Inventor of the English Hexameter*; and STANYHURST, in imitating him, went further than one else in maltreating English words to suit the exigencies of Classical

11. *Martin Marprelate.*

THE EPISTLE. 1588.

Oh read ouer D. JOHN BRIDGES, for it is a worthy wo. Or an epitome of the fyrste Booke of that right worshipfull vme, written against the Puritanes, in the defence of the cleargie, by as worshipfull a prieste, JOHN BRIDGES, Presty Priest or Elder, doctor of Diuinitie, and Deane of Sarum.

The Epitome [p. 26] is not yet published, but it shall be, as the Byshops are at convenient leysure to view the same. In meane tyme, let them be content with this learned Epistle.

Printed oversea, in Europe, within two furlongs of a Bissing Priest, at the cost and charges of M. MARPRELATE, gen man.

12. Robert Greene, M.A.

MENAPHON. 1589.

MENAPHON. CAMILLAS alarum to slumbering EUPHIE in his melancholie Cell at Silixedra. VVherein are deciph the variable effects of Fortune, the wonders of Loue, the triumph of inconstant Time. Displaying in sundrie conceived pass (figured in a continuall Historie) the Trophees that Ve carrieth triumphant, maugre the wrath of Enuie, or the res tion of Fortune.

One of GREENE's novels with TOM NASH's Preface, so important in its place to the earlier *HAMLET*, before SHAKESPEARE's tragedy.

GREENE's "love pamphlets" were the most popular Works of Fiction in England, up to the appearance of Sir P. SIDNEY's *Arcadia* in 1590.

13. George Joy,

an early Protestant Reformer.

AN APOLOGY TO TINDALE. 1535.

In Apologie made by GEORGE JOYE to satisfye (if it may be) TINDALE: to purge and defende himselfe aginst so many underouse lyes fained upon him in TINDAL'S uncharitable 'unsobser Pystle so well worthye to be prefixed for the Reader to use him into the understanding of hys new Testament dilitly corrected and printed in the yeare of our Lorde, 1534, in member [Antwerp, 27 Feb., 1535.

is almost lost book is our only authority in respect to the surreptitious ons of the English *New Testament*, which were printed for the English set with very many errors, by Antwerp printers who knew not English, interval between TINDALE'S first editions in 1526, and his revised Text ve referred to) in 1534.

14. Richard Barnfield.

of Darlaston, Staffordshire.

POEMS. 1594-1598.

The affectionate Shepherd. Containing the Complaint of PHNIS for the Loue of GANYMEDE.

the following Work, BARNFIELD states that this is "an imitation of *ill*, in the second Eglogue of *Alexis*."

CYNTHIA. With Certaine Sonnets, and the Legend of CAS- DRA. 1595.

he Author thus concludes his Preface: "Thus, hoping you will beare my rude conceit of *Cynthia* (if for no other cause, yet, for that it is the t Imitation of the verse of that excellent Poet, Maister *Spencer*, in his *rie Queene*), I leave you to the reading of that, which I so much desire breed your delight."

The Encomion of Lady PECUNIA: or, The Praise of Money. 1598.

wo of the Poems in this Text have been wrongly attributed to SHAKES- PEARSE. The disproof is given in the Introduction.

15. T[homas] C[oooper].

[Bishop of WINCHESTER.]

ADMONITION TO THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND.

In admonition to the people of England: VVherein are an- nered, not onely the slaunderous vntruethes, reprochfully uttered MARTIN the Libeller, but also many other Crimes by some of broode, objected generally against all Bishops, and the chiefe of Cleargie, purposely to deface and discredit the present state of Church. [Jan. 1589].

his is the official reply on the part of the Hierarchy, to *MARTIN MAR- LATE'S Epistle of* [Nov.] 1508: see No. 11. on p. 24.

was published between the appearance of the *Epistle* and that of the *tome*.

16. Captain John Smith,

President of Virginia, and Admiral of New England.

WORKS.—1608-1631. 2 vols. 12s. 6d.

A complete edition, with six facsimile plates.

Occasion was taken, in the preparation of this Edition, dispassionately to test the Author's statements. The result is perfect satisfactory. The Lincolnshire Captain is to be implicitly believed in all that he relates of his own personal knowledge.

The following are the chief Texts in this Volume :—

- (1.) **A true Relation of Occurrences in Virginia.** 1608.
- (2.) **A Map of Virginia.** 1612.
- (3.) **A Description of New England.** 1616.
- (4.) **New England's Trials.** 1620 and 1622.
- (5.) **The History of Virginia, New England, and Bermuda.** 1624.
- (6.) **An Accidence for young Seamen.** 1626.
- (7.) **His true Travels, Adventures, and Observations.** 16
- (8.) **Advertisements for Planters in New England, or elsewhere.** 1631.

The first Three English Books on America. [? 1511]—1555.

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The Three Books are—

- (1.) **Of the new landes, etc.** Printed at Antwerp about 1515. *This is the first English book in which the word America [Armonica] occurs.*
- (2.) **A Treatise of the new India, etc.** Translated RICHARD EDEN from SEBASTIAN MUENSTER'S *Cosmograph* and printed in 1553. *The Second English Book on America.*
- (3.) **The Decades of the New World, etc.,** by PIETRO MARTI [PETRUS MARTYR], translated by RICHARD EDEN, and printed 1555. *The Third English Book on America.* SHAKESPEARE obtained the character of CALIBAN from this Work.

A List of 837 London Publishers, 1553-1640.

This Master Key to English Bibliography for the period gives the approximate period that each Publisher was in business.

Demy 4to, 32 pp., 10s. 6d. net.

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THE ONLY KNOWN FRAGMENT OF

The First printed English New Testament, in Quarto.

BY W. TINDALE AND W. ROY.

Sixty photo-lithographed pages ; preceded by a critical PREFACE.

BRIEFLY told, the story of this profoundly interesting work is as follows :—

In 1524 TINDALE went from London to Hamburg ; where remaining for about a year, he journeyed on to Cologne ; and there, assisted by WILLIAM ROY, subsequently the author of the satire on WOLSEY, *Rede me and be nott wrothe* [see p. 19], he began this first edition in 4to, *with glosses*, of the English New Testament.

A virulent enemy of the Reformation, COCHLÆUS, at that time an exile in Cologne, learnt, through giving wine to the printer's men, that P. QUENTAL the printer had in hand a secret edition of three thousand copies of the English New Testament. In great alarm, he informed HERMAN RINCK, a Senator of the city, who moved the Senate to stop the printing ; but COCHLÆUS could neither obtain a sight of the Translators, nor a sheet of the impression.

TINDALE and ROY fled with the printed sheets up the Rhine to Worms ; and there completing this edition, produced also another in 8vo, *without glosses*. Both editions were probably in England by March, 1526.

Of the six thousand copies of which they together were composed, there remain but this fragment of the First commenced edition, in 4to ; and of the Second Edition, in 8vo, one complete copy in the Library of the Baptist College at Bristol, and an imperfect one in that of St. Paul's Cathedral, London.

In the *Preface*, the original documents are given intact, in connection with

Evidence connected with the first Two Editions of the English New Testament, viz., in Quarto and Octavo—

- I. WILLIAM TINDALE's antecedent career.
- II. The Printing at Cologne.
- III. The Printing at Worms.
- IV. WILLIAM ROY's connection with these Editions.
- V. The landing and distribution in England.
- VI. The persecution in England.

Typographical and Literary Evidence connected with the present Fragment—

- I. It was printed for TINDALE by PETER QUENTAL at Cologne, before 1526.
- II. It is not a portion of the separate Gospel of *Matthew* printed previous to that year.
- III. It is therefore certainly a fragment of the Quarto.

Is the Quarto a translation of LUTHER's German Version ?

Text. The prologue. Inner Marginal References. Outer Marginal Glosses.

. For a continuation of this Story see G. JOY's *Apology* at p. 25.

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